

ISAAC NEWTON CLARK

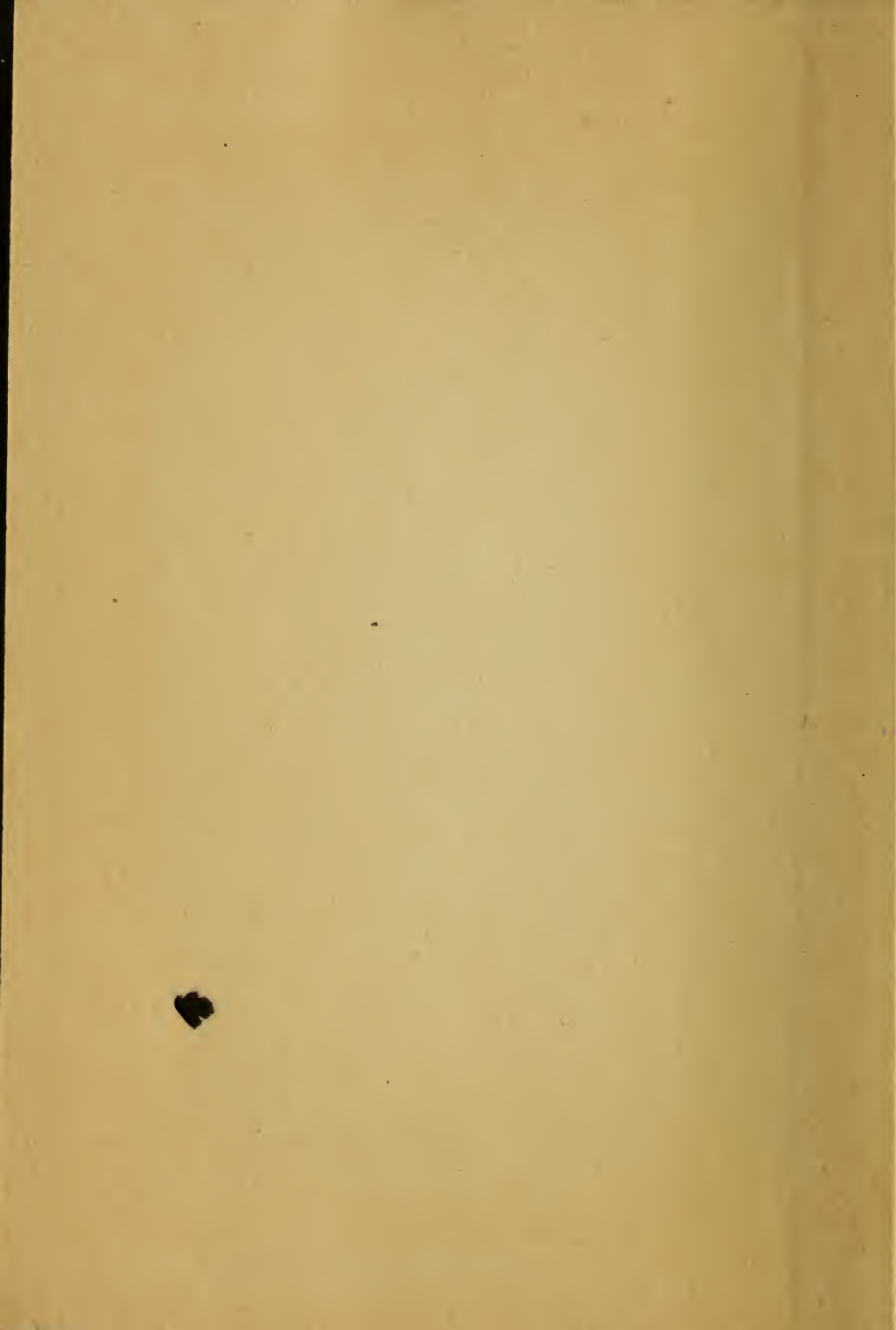


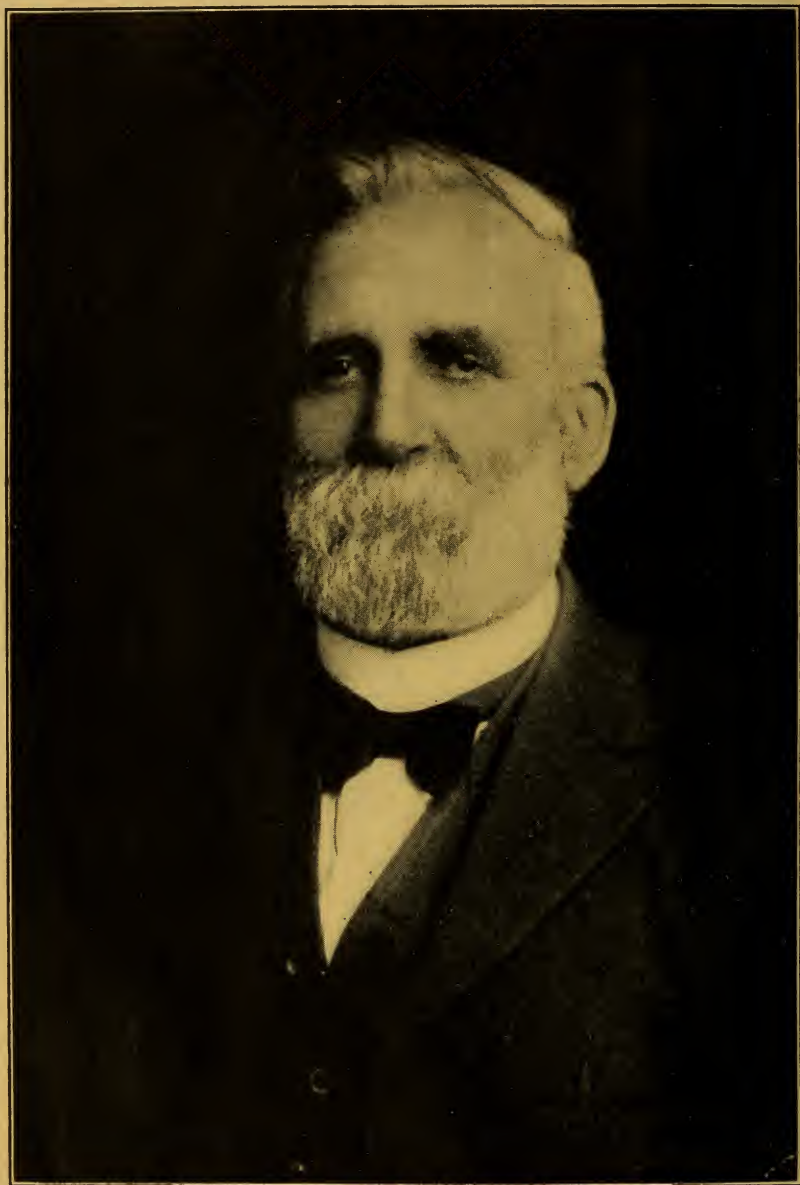
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REV. ISAAC NEWTON CLARK, D. D.

Isaac Newton Clark

A PERSONAL SKETCH BY HIMSELF



EDITED BY
PHILIP WENDELL CRANNELL

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FOREWORD.

No man during his lifetime had a securer place in the affections of the Baptists of the Missouri Valley than Dr. Isaac Newton Clark, and no memory will be cherished longer or more lovingly.

As a man and a Christian, a denominational leader, a flaming advocate of the sacred cause of Missions, a warm-hearted friend, a wise and far-seeing counsellor, he was known and welcomed in ten thousand homes throughout this section, as well as in the field of labor which saw his early prime and splendid services, the state of Indiana, where in 1853 he preached his first sermon, and where with brief sojourns in Kansas and Ohio, for thirty-two years as pastor and State Superintendent, he labored so effectively for the Master he loved so well.

Who will forget that sturdy frame, that leonine head and face, that massive, thrilling voice, those majestic sentences framed in stately words and rolling forth in modulated, periodic accents, that missionary fire, the intensity and vigor, physical, mental, spiritual, of that personality, his devotion to his Lord, his fidelity to *The Book*, his

enthusiasm, which, however his bodily strength might wane, never felt the chill of wintry age? One of his frequent hearers, indebted to him in countless ways, too deep to tell, on "many a hard-fought field," and in many a trying strait, used to say whenever he heard him in the last few years, "Dr. Clark will be talking about missions some day, will begin to soar in one of his flights, and will soar so high that he will forget to come back." And even so it was.

With a deep, perennial interest in the Master's work, and in the men and women, things and events, which furnished the details of his rich and fruitful life, and with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a vivid and retentive memory, Dr. Clark, late in his life, jotted down these reminiscences, all too few, which are herewith put forth. They were "typed" with loving care by his daughter, Gertrude Conover Clark, whose keen intelligence, systematic mind, and skilful fingers were of such help in his great work. They were written for the eye and mind and heart of his own immediate family, not, in the first place, for publication. But it was felt that these bright, fresh, familiar word sketches should be shared by others, and they have, therefore, by the family

been turned over to the Kansas City Baptist Theological Seminary, with the thought that the publication might not only put into the hands of his numerous friends a prized memorial of their great and good friend and admired leader, but might also aid in furthering the work of the institution which was so near his heart. His last service, except that for the Judson Memorial, was rendered for the seminary, in raising a substantial sum of money for refitting and redecorating the building. He was for many years the president of its board of trustees, ready in every one of the many ways in his power to serve its interests, whose importance to the Baptist cause he appreciated so highly. It is very fitting, therefore, that the proceeds of this book, issued under the seminary auspices, should go to the beautifying of the grounds, whose possibilities of charm he had so longed to see realized. They can and should be made one of the "beauty spots" of Kansas City.

Even the stranger will be interested and fascinated by the virile, picturesque, in the best sense "racy" pages that follow. But to those who know him, how they will bring up again in appealing lifelikeness the accents of his voice, the characteristic touch of his mind, the throb of his heart!

He had many a home in each Baptist church in all this region, and in the coming of this book they will almost feel that I. N. Clark has come again to visit them.

Almost no changes have been made in these sketches. A little additional matter has been inserted. The chapter headings are the editor's. Otherwise the effort has been to stand aside and let Dr. Clark speak for himself. P. W. C.



CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY DAYS.

I was born in Clinton County, Indiana, October 13, 1833, the third son and fourth child of David Condit, and Mary Eliza, Clark. My father was of English ancestry, and my mother of an old German Lutheran family, many relatives on that side of the family still belonging to the Lutheran Church. They moved from Butler County, Ohio, to Indiana, in the fall of 1832, and father purchased of the government, 320 acres of land at Congress price, a dollar and a quarter per acre. Here the home cabin was built, residence was established, and the labor of opening a farm was begun in 1832. The land was heavily timbered, and to cut this away and bring the ground into a state of cultivation, was no small task. At that early date the country was scarcely more than an untouched wilderness, with here and there a trace of previous Indian occupation. Inhabitants were few and widely scattered. Twelve months had passed before my parents learned that there was a neighboring resident nearer than five miles from our cabin. A wander-

ing cow, with a bell swinging to her neck, came through the undisturbed forest one day, and father, thinking that she was lost, followed her trail, coming at length to a newly built cabin. An acquaintance was quickly formed with the newcomers, which strengthened to friendship with the flight of many succeeding years.

Very rapidly thereafter, lands were purchased, and settlements were made in that community. Everything was new, and comforts, home furnishings and conveniences were not in these hastily constructed shacks and unhewn cabins. Indeed they were hardly reachable, besides the fact that the getting of the rude tenement and the limited supplies for the daily need, had in most cases severely taxed the meager finances. Trading places were few and widely apart. Lafayette, the nearest town where provisions could be gotten, was sixteen miles distant, while Frankfort, which was to be the county seat, was then in plan and plat, but still invisible.

The lands of that section are rolling and rich, but not hilly or broken, and the country is splendidly watered. Between Frankfort and Delphi, a distance of twenty-five miles, nine

streams of unfailing running water are crossed. In my young boyhood, the entire landscape for many miles in every direction, was densely covered with timber of great variety, oak of several kinds, ash, beech, maple, walnut, poplar, sycamore, elm, hickory, cottonwood, hackberry, linden, and others. Some of the varieties made large growth, and it was not unusual to see a white oak, red oak, or poplar, four feet in diameter at the girdle, and a hundred and fifteen to twenty-five feet high. There were big trees in that country at that time. Here it was in happy domestic harmony, that father and mother in the vigor and enthusiasm of early life, began the task of creating a home for themselves and their children. Patiently enduring almost intolerable hardship, subjected to infinite self denial, compelled to observe the most rigid economy, they cheerfully and heroically pursued this life task. Every acre of land must be cleared of timber and brush, and the axe, the grubbing hoe, the maul, the iron wedge and the wooden glut were in demand. Rails must be split out of mammoth logs, and fences must be built. Immense piles of logs were burned. It seemed a cruel waste of timber, but at that date it was unavoidable. Now much that was con-

sumed then would find splendid use and command good prices. Trees of no value then would command fifty to a hundred dollars now. But waste of timber meant nothing—fields and bits of land prepared for crops meant much, and the need also made demand for the utmost diligence. Both father's and mother's hands were busy in the cunning of manual labor. Breakfast at day dawn, in the clearing by sunrise with indoor work done, my mother joined father in the field work, taking the three boys with her, the writer being the third and youngest. Many times my pillow was a bundle of leaves, my brothers the vigilant watchers and sentinels, while our mother was gathering and piling brush to the burning or assisting father in dragging logs to the burning heap. Then when the field was open, and planting time came, ploughing must be done. There were stumps and unbroken roots galore, and to battle with these contesting forces, and keep on the face the brightness of a May morning, was quite as much as some preachers could do. Father's Calvinistic tutelage came to his rescue, and he managed to meet the snap and hit of breaking roots, without the use of many, if any, explosive expletives. There may have been thoughts of vengeance, or

such like, but their utterance was restrained. Ready for the planting, mother dropped the grains of corn in place, walking all day over clods and rough ground, and father following with the hand hoe, covering the seed with soil. Thus the process of farming began, a wonderful contrast to the present day of steam plows and planting machines.

Those were the days of wilderness and wolves, and night hours were made hideous and at times well nigh intolerable, by the incessant howling of these ferocious beasts. Sheep, pigs, young calves, even chickens, did not escape their bloody assaults. So bold and venturesome were they, that in the blaze of open day they came around our premises looking for prey. Our cabin was enclosed by a pole fence. One day the three brothers were just outside this fence, when three great grey wolves came near and stood inspecting the situation. When mother, who was ever on the alert, discovered them, and ran with broom in hand to rescue the exposed boys, these blood-thirsty fellows were frightened at her, and ran away a few paces, turning then to complete the survey. In the meantime the children were

brought safely inside the fence. Father's rifle and the faithful dog had many a battle with these enemies of civilization, our greatest loss being one night when they leaped into the sheep corrall, and slaughtered nine of the sheep, a serious loss indeed in those days. But the unerring rifle brought two of them to the dead line in that foray, and gradually as the settlers came in, these night-time marauders and destructive disturbers left for other lands.

There were also red men with tomahawk and scalping knife in that country in those days, savages, but not savage. A company of them encamped one winter on our land. They were objects of much interest to us boys, real curiosities, with their long braided hair, ribboned and feathered, variegated moccasins, buckskin breeches with fringe and bead ornaments. They were civil, innocent beggars, doing us no harm, and after a time also disappearing from the land.

It would be a matter of thrilling interest and surprise, to the people of this day, could they look into that cabin and family home. The contrast between the mansion of the forest and the mansion of today, is simply unbelievable. That was a

single room, about twenty by twenty-four; two doors, three small windows, an outside chimney constructed of split lathe, bedded in clay mortar, back wall and jambs of packed, hardened clay, hearth of flat stones gathered from the brook. The cabin floor was made of puncheon, split out of large linden logs and scutched to even thickness with foot adze. These were laid on large logs leveled on the upper side, the puncheons fastened to these sleepers with half-inch wooden hickory pins. In the walls the spaces between the logs of the cabin were filled with chunks of wood, which were plastered over with clay mortar. This one room was tight and warm. The furnishing was of fashionable sort for that day, but there was no mahogany, birdseye maple or quartersawed oak. This one room was at once kitchen, dining room, parlor and sleeping apartment.

It was supplied with four beds, two of them trundle beds, which were rolled under the larger beds when not in use. Wire springs and soft mattresses had not been intrusive enough to get recognition; the bed frames were square posts, square rails, ropes tightly drawn, stretched from

rail to rail, looped over wooden pins, on this a straw tick, and a tick filled with feathers made the bed. The chairs were straight round posts, with connecting rounds, over which bottoms were plaited of oak splints or hickory bark, the outside bark being shaved off. There were two homemade rockers, but cushioned rocker and pil-
lowed sofas had not yet invaded that new land.

There was one very essential piece of furniture, made of riven boards, nailed tightly together, the rockers cut out of boards in oval fashion; this was the family cradle. In this rudely constructed domestic thing, budding childhood rested and grew. It was conspicuous in family affairs. Kings, presidents, generals, philosophers, preachers and rascals have been cradled. In our family the cradle rocked four preachers, but 10 rascals, we think.

The cooking utensils are worthy of mention. There were no cook-stoves or ranges of any sort. The first stove of that kind that came into the community for cooking purposes, was bought and brought in by my father at a much later date. A two step stove with four holes for cooking purposes, it excited much curiosity among

the people, many coming to see what sort of thing it was. Before the era of the stove all cooking was done in pans, long handled skillets, and bailed Dutch ovens. Sheet iron frying pans, tin coffee boilers, cast iron teakettles, wooden ladles, butterbowls and vessels for washing dishes were prominent kitchen requisites.

The home was not without light, though the only electricity any of us had ever seen or heard of was in the clouds, streaming from them and blazing through the heavens in the time of turbulent and thunderous storms, and the cavities filled with illuminating gas had not been un-earthed. The tallow candle made in a tin mold or more often, by repeated dipping in the melted tallow grease, and the iron bowled lamp, supplied with a twisted rag for a wick, one end of which was dropped into melted lard, furnished our light. Moonlight was an enjoyable luxury with the young people, and almanacs were closely studied in search of moonlight weeks, for various social gatherings.

Our dining table was made of yellow poplar planks, fastened to the top of a homemade square frame with round legs. It was without paint,

carving or ornament, but it held again and again the splendidly relishable dinner our mother could prepare. A primitive menu perhaps: Ham and eggs from our own pen and nests, coffee from parched wheat, corn or buckwheat griddlecakes, baked on round iron griddles, heated over hot coals, turned and taken up by sheet iron paddle in the hands of a boy, and maple syrup manufactured in our own sugar camp. Dinner, beef from our own herd, boiled or roasted with potatoes, turnips, milk or water, cornpone or biscuits, sometimes a squirrel, rabbit or wild turkey, for father was a marksman. Supper, winter, mush and milk, cold meat, baked or roasted potatoes. A famous winter dish was sauerkraut and hominy, both of which were homemade.

For many years we made all the sugar and molasses used in the family. Often our camp yielded four to six hundred pounds of sugar, and fifty to seventy-five gallons of excellent maple syrup. The sugar making season which came the latter part of February and the first part of March, was a time of great interest, activity, and genuine fun to the boys and younger people. Boring the trees, driving the spiles, setting the

troughs to catch the running water, collecting the water, boiling it down to syrup thickness, then turning the syrup into sugar. It was sweet and delicious pleasure. At these times the campfires were burning, and wax pullings were numerous. Occasionally toward the opening of winter, our supply of maple sweetness was exhausted, and then we turned to Louisiana cane for sugar, but a very little of this sufficed us.

The farm implements were few, simple, and homemade for the most part. There were no gang plows, no steam harrows, nor self-binding harvesters. The breaking plow had a steel point, and a wooden mole board, while the corn planter was the five fingered mother hand, or the eight-year-old boy; the covering machine was the heavy handled hoe, and the corn harrow was the two limbs of a forked tree, with wooden teeth, six inches apart, driven through, and extending several inches on the under side. This homely implement was indispensable in the earlier tilling of the corn. Later came the one-shovel plow, driven by a single horse, making a round trip between rows. Then there were no wheat drills or corn planters, the drilling instrument being

the industrious husbandman, with thirty or forty pounds of seed in an open sack slung over his shoulder, walking over the plowed field, thrusting empty hand into the sack, gripping to fullness of hand the seed, then flinging it broadcast before him, this every two or three paces. I have seen father so weary after a day of this kind of work that he scarcely could move. The wooden toothed harrow of home manufacture, followed, covering the scattered seed. The crooked sickle or reaping hook was the harvesting implement, then came the five fingered cradle. This was a wonderful invention. The implement that saved the meadow grass was the keen edged mowing scythe. Holding tightly in the hand the knibs on the snead, I have all the day swung this implement again and again. The wooden hand rake or two-pronged fork spread the mown grass, when it was cured, collected it in winrows, and put it in cocks or doodles. Every farmer's boy made the acquaintance of all these implements of industry quite early.

The laborous process of opening the farm went steadily on. Every boy, and there were three, then four, later on five, as they became

able to work, was put at it. Father aimed to add from six to ten acres of newly cleared land to the farm every spring, and this involved much use of chopping axe, grubbing hoe, maul and wedge. Trees must be felled, rails split, brush and logs must be burned, really there was little rest for boys or men in those primitive times. But when a few busy years had passed, we had quite a farm, and every field was named: The "Old Field," the "North Field," the "Long Field," the "Southwest," the "Orchard," the "Big Field"; this latter had in it *nine acres*. The land was fresh and unworn; sowing and planting was abundantly rewarded, wheat, corn, oats, flax, clover, timothy, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, turnips, sweet potatoes, were all grown in great plenty.

In the early years, father put out one hundred or more fruit trees, apple, pear, peach, cherry; and these grew rapidly, so that in a very years we had quantities of fruit. Belleflower, Vandevere, Pippins, Rambos, Pearmain, Wine Apples, Red Junes, Early Harvests, Genetins, Rhode Island Greenings, we had pears, Bartletts, Seckles, Flemish Beauties, both Black Morrell and early May cherries, and peaches, not every

year, but about every second or third season. From August to the first of the next April our pockets and stomachs were hardly empty of apples. We built an apple cellar with numerous shelves and bins, and these were all laden with fruit, assorted by varieties, kept for use during the winter. There was scarcely ever an evening when the apple basket was not a family guest.

The first week of springtime, the garden was spaded, beds prepared for the reception of seed, radish, onion, lettuce, and potato cuttings were in the ground well nigh as soon as the frosts were out. Then the garden was worked, earth loosened, clods pulverized, springing weeds massacred, and soon our breakfast and dinner plates were laden with all the freshly grown vegetables of early spring.

CHAPTER II.

IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

We had some schooling, my chief remembrance being of the instruments of authority then popular with teachers. The willow twig, the beech limb, the dunce block, the ferrule, observation corner, and so on. Some cruel schoolmasters would punish by pounding pupils with a rule on the ends of the fingers till the blood clotted under the nails. This abominable outrage was perpetrated on my tender extremities by one teacher, and I vowed deep down between my jacket pockets, that when I grew larger, I would wilt and wither him, if I could ever find him. Fortunately for both of us we never met in after years.

In 1839, West Point University was built on the corner of father's quarter section. It was not an elegant or particularly attractive building. The timbers of which it was constructed, were felled by the woodman's axe in the neighboring forests, and these unhewn logs were oxened to the university site. The community was invited to share in the erection of the building; the corner stones were placed, the timbers, un-

barked logs, were put in place, round by round, corners were notched and matched, until the square of the edifice was reached. For joists and rafters, poles and saplings, the straightest the forest could afford, were used: the roof was constructed of home riven boards of red oak, unjointed and unshaved: the floor was laid of linden puncheons, four inches thick, laid on great foundation sleepers, and razed to uniform thickness. The heating apparatus was capacious but not expensive; furnaces, gasometers and electric bulbs had not gone into the educational civilization and refinement of that country at that date. An opening six feet wide, four feet high was cut in one side of the building, jambs and back-wall built of boulders gathered from the brook near by. The chimney was made of lath, split from oak blocks and laid in mortar made of native soil, and in this huge fireplace great logs and billets of wood made the heat. The spaces between the logs in the walls of this building were filled with chunks and split pieces of timber, and covered, both inside and out, with mud plaster made of the clay in the university campus.

There was but one room in this school of ours,

and it was study hall, recitation room, gymnasium and correction hall, and possibly most needed in the last capacity. This was the first school house of that region, and remained there for many years.

Our social hours were passed, for the most part, in the family circle. These family chats were occasions of freedom, with every member at liberty to share in the discussions. Sometimes father would read from the weekly newspaper—such things as dailies were unknown. Mother would mend the boys' worn trousers, or darn at the seemingly never-lessening pile of socks, while others of us were studying our school lessons. Occasionally the boys would have a game of "Fox and Geese"; later on we had spelling matches, singing schools, apple cuttings, corn huskings and wax pullings, and in some of these recreations the country folk had immense fun. We did not dance—none of us knew how—our innocent feet had not learned the cunning of the step. Nor did we shuffle or throw cards. None of us knew which was worth the more, spades or diamonds. I do not know now, and I shall die and go into eternity ignorant. I have looked upon the whole card sling-

ing business as a dangerous and abominable waste of time.

The singing schools were unique, but suited to that time and age. They were occasions of much interest and merriment. They were held mainly in school houses, though sometimes in private homes. The several parts of music were not then quite as now—bass, tenor, alto, treble. Each of these had a separate sitting. The teacher would give the key in this fashion: "Key, tenor; key, bass; key, alto; key, treble; dwell together," or sometimes "sound in unison," then we sang, every scholar marking the time. Full time must be given to rests, open notes, solid notes and dotted notes. Special attention was then given to articulation. Our music was written in what was then called patent notes, four notes or characters of different shape, Fa, Sol, La, Mi. My voice in those early days was clear, and feminine as any woman's, and this gave me the opportunity to sit and sing treble with the girls, look on the same page, and mark time in company with feminine hands. It gave me quite a reputation, musically, with mothers and daughters. Later on, my voice changed to a lower register, until it sounded some-

what like that of the swamp messenger announcing the coming spring, then I learned that the ladies thought more of my voice than of me.

In the fall and winter months we had school and neighborhood exhibitions; dialogues, recitations, orations, readings, debates, solos and so on were staged. We were a lot of ambitious young Thespians, and there was timidity, bashfulness, greenness, mistake, blunder, pretension and burlesque, and much undisciplined eloquence, on exhibition. The community greatly enjoyed these improvised entertainments.

I was quite a boy when into my pocket went my first pen knife. It had but one blade, the handle was half metal, half bone; it had the distinguishing name Barlow. It lifted me to great heights, it could hardly stay in my modest little pocket, for it had much business outside. Soft sticks suffered its merciless attack, but its edge was neither keen nor lasting. It was in my thirteenth year that I saw the first money of which I could say, "Thou art mine." It had this historic setting. When the spring planting was done, there was a bit of ground not entirely clear of brush and timber, so father said to my brother, next older, and myself: "If you will put that ground in order

and crop it, you can have all the proceeds." The ambitious youngsters, stimulated by the financial prospect, worked hard and steady. We had visions of coming pieces of silver, but what should we grow? That was a puzzling problem. The season was quite advanced, spring was nearly gone. Someone suggested tobacco, so tobacco it was; planted and hoed, it grew rapidly. Topping time came—suckers grew rapidly, which must be plucked out—worms began to come thick and fast; they grew like Jonah's gourd, to bigness in a night. They must be captured and slain; and the battle went on daily for some time. If all the eaters and smokers of this filthy weed could have one or two good lessons in the slaughter of tobacco worms, and could look on their green, lifeless carcasses, it might help them to keep lips, tongue and breath clean of the poisonous stuff. But we cut it, cured it, and sold it for twenty-five dollars. With twelve hundred and fifty cents in my pocket, I was rich. As a financier, I hardly knew whether to buy a farm or a suit of jeans. At length, my lofty questionings evaporated; I bought a suit, was clothed and in my right mind. From that day to this tobacco and this mortal have been irreconcilable antagonists.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION, CALL AND ORDINATION.

Religion and morality always had respectful place and recognition in our home. Mother was of German extraction, both of her parents, indeed, being born in Germany. They were members of the Lutheran Church, and in her babyhood days she was christened into that church. They called it baptism, but she had no voice in this meaningless ecclesiastical maneuver, and never became a catechumen of the church or went the process of confirmation, and she had no recollection of being sprinkled. Father was grown in the Presbyterian faith, but never united with the church. His mother was an intrenched Calvinist, a perpendicular and unbending Presbyterian. Father was quite a moralist and a fairly diligent student of the Bible. He and his mother, who lived with us a part of the time, had many discussions on various Biblical questions; father could not accept infant baptism and church membership, as sprinkled by the preacher in his baby days. He would say to his mother, "Of what significance or value is that to me, it has no mean-

ing," or "Show me the place in the Bible where an unconscious unbeliever can be baptized on the faith of another. When I am baptized, I want that it shall be of my own election, based on faith, preceded by information." These convictions came of reading God's Book. I am not sure if he ever heard a Baptist minister preach until I was quite a boy. There were none of this Apostolic sect in the section of the country where he lived and married. Lutherans and Presbyterians were in the ascendancy.

We were taught to respect the Sunday, and show reverent regard to ministers and religious people. Ministers occasionally came to our home, and were always welcomed and kindly treated. Now and then clerical oddities and nicety provoked ludicrous remarks from the watching juveniles, who were sitting about. The man of God was always accorded the best our humble home could offer, and he was always invited to hold religious service with the family, and in this connection I remember some amusing incidents. I recall one clerical visitor who came and urged father and mother to have the new baby sprinkled and dedicated to the Lord. I can also recall the very em-

phatic manner in which he was informed that they needed no counsel as to the management of their little one, especially in that direction.

Another preacher came to spend the night with us, who was selling Bibles. He was tall, slender, straight, finely clad, and astonishingly precise in manner and language. Mother had just put down a splendid new rag carpet. The boys were very proud of it; they were always proud of anything that mother did. We carefully cleaned our feet before stepping on the new carpet, but this fastidious fellow, after reading his Bible lesson, took a clean white handkerchief from his hinder pocket, spread it on the carpet, kneeled in graceful fashion upon it, and proceeded to talk to God, told him many things about what we needed and so on. I do not know what God thought of that prayer and ecclesiastical performance, but mother was hot, and the boys were hotter, and none of us cared about seeing that fellow again. We thought more of mother's carpet than of him; his prayer, to our young ears, was a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and ever after we wicked boys called him the white-kneed, white-livered parson. He had some beautifully finished

Bibles, but the old well-worn Book was good enough. The white handkerchief performance blocked the purchase of another.

When fourteen or fifteen years old, although I had been much in Sunday School and in church nearly every Sunday, yet I was timid about meeting preachers, as most boys are. If they came to our home, it was convenient for me to be elsewhere. I recall one instance, when an evangelist stopped with us over night. At the breakfast table the following morning, talking to father, the boys, with lively imagination, pictured their turn next. They abbreviated their meal, however, under pretense of an urgent call to field work, but the preacher was not to be so easily escaped. We were in a field, just a short distance from the roadside, when he rode into the fence corner and called. I was nearest to him. He said: "Come down, I want to see you," and my reply was, "I cannot leave my work; here I am, look at me." He laughed and said good-bye. That was mean of me, but sin is always mean and cowardly. The atmosphere of sin is not congenial to prayer and religion, and holiness has many a struggle to maintain its lodging in corrupt hearts. Evil and good

can have no common ground of companionship. Heaven and Hell had a mighty contest on the Mount of Temptation, and the battle field is in every heart, where the Prince of Peace attempts to establish his kingdom. The truth is, righteousness is in eternal battle with unrighteousness.

Notwithstanding my tendency to shrink from the company of preachers and to avoid them, I was not wholly impervious to religious impressions, and frequently my spirit was disturbed by in-rushing thoughts of God, sin and the mystery of Calvary. I had my own Bible, and often read its verses and chapters. I was in Sunday School quite regularly, had frequent discussions and controversies with teachers, not always to find the truth, but now and then to gratify a controversial spirit. Young people are very wise and opinionated sometimes; indeed, in the earlier stages of their wisdom, they are quite in advance of the venerable and cultured around them. Passing years, with their jolting discipline of experience, gives splendid correction to these lofty conceptions, when solid fact supplants merely windy fancy.

In addition to the farming industry, my

father had a trade which kept him busy, when not employed in farm work, in summer and autumn. He was a brickmason and plasterer, and an expert in wielding the implements of both industries. I was often with him and learned to handle the trowel and the brick. I can remember many experiences of building the wall of masonry, and coating with mortar the walls and ceiling of house and church. I could build the corner to the line and plummet, strike smoothly the mortar joint and float and polish the white finish to a room, put into place the stretchers and headers in Flemish bond fashion, build the pilaster, the arch, the recess and the chimney, finish the gable and cope the wall. This training gave strength to my muscle and cunning to my fingers.

It was in a week, while we were building the walls of a large house, that in a quiet and thoughtful way I decided to give myself and all that I might become to the service of Him, who gave Himself and was given by his Father for me. When this decision was reached, I became very anxious to make it known in some positive fashion, and yet I was troubled and hindered by a constitutional timidity. I asked father if he would

conclude the week's work on Saturday, at noon. This was unusual, and he said: "Why do you ask that question?" I then told him my decision, and that I wanted to attend the Baptist covenant meeting that afternoon. He made quick reply: "We will go home at noon." At two o'clock, father, mother and I went to the meeting. I had not told mother of my resolve—I felt strangely—I had never been in that kind of a meeting—there were about twenty-five persons present—I was the only young person and the only one who was not a member of the church. The pastor, in his opening prayer, remembered, in persuasive tones, the young man who was present, referring to him as the son of one of our noble deacons. The religious and business features of the meeting being concluded, the pastor said: "While we sing a verse, if there is any who wants to begin the Christian life, by uniting with the people of God, will they come forward and take my hand?" He began the verse

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

I stepped forward, took the pastor's hand; he held my young hand tightly, the tears rolling down his cheeks; at length he said: "Praise the Lord." The people were all astonished and tearful; I caught sight of my father and mother; he was holding her and they were weeping together. I gave the people a few words concerning my life and my new decision. "But," I said, "you know me. I want to be baptized and follow and honor my Lord and King." The company of disciples gave me cordial welcome with pass of handgrip, and words of happy greeting. Never was the caress of father and the kiss of mother warmer and more comforting. The next day, the first Sunday in September, 1852, I was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church in Rossville, Ind., Clinton County. Rev. J. M. Smith was the pastor who baptized me.

The following winter, I taught school and gave myself to Bible reading and theological study, under the direction of Prof. Emmanuel Sharf of Delphi, Ind. I think he was formerly president of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. In March, the spring of 1853, I preached what may be called my first sermon; it was, however, not punctured

with sermonic elements, but a rushing, rambling talk. The people thought it was preaching, but I have not used the text of that morning to this day. I knew as much or more then about its meaning than I do now. It is not unusual for young preachers to make the effort to penetrate big problems or navigate deep and unexplored seas. A young preacher told me about that time, that he delighted to grapple with quaint texts and odd subjects, such as "A Living Dog Is Better Than a Dead Lion," "I Have Put My Coat Off and How Shall I Put It On?" Themes like these also sometimes get hold of the young ecclesiastic: "The Unconsumed Bush," "The Wedge at the Bottom of the Lake," "The Budding Rod," "The Golden Calf," "The Upper Room," "The Strait Gate."

In the fall of 1853, the churches in Monticello and Burnettsville, White County, Indiana, invited me to become their pastor, and requested the church in Rossville to call a council to consider my ordination. The call of the council was issued, the churches of the Judson Association were invited, and the council met on the first Saturday in December, 1853, at ten a. m. The ministers

present were the Rev. John Kerr, Moses Kerr, Robert B. Craig, James M. Smith, Beverly R. Ward, and Dr. F. D. Bland. The council organized by electing Dr. Bland, moderator, and R. B. Craig, secretary. There were three candidates for ordination, Dr. Daniel Ivans, Stephen S. Clark, and Isaac Newton Clark, and they were introduced to the council by their pastor, Rev. J. M. Smith. Dr. Bland was chosen to conduct the examination. This concerned the call to enter Christian service, the call to preach the Gospel, and the candidate's views of Bible doctrine. The examination was lengthy and rigid, patiently prosecuted, and satisfactorily finished. The council voted unanimously to proceed to the ordination on the Sunday following. Order of exercise: 1. Sermon, by F. D. Bland; 2. Charge, by John G. Kerr; 3. Prayer of ordination, by Moses Kerr; 4. Laying on of hands by council; 5. Benediction, by Dr. Ivans.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY PASTORATES.

Following the work of this council, with the tremendous responsibilities its investigation and charge thrust upon me, or rather enabled me to see, filled with an overwhelming sense of inability to measure up to the demand and solemnities of the task, my pastoral career began. Pittsburg invited me to give its church one-fourth time; thus my entire time was taken. I traveled one hundred and fifteen miles every month, mainly on horseback. There were no automobiles or electric easy-goers in that day.

In April, 1854, I took the hand of Clarissa S. Painter in marriage. Her home was in Michigantown, Clinton County; her parents, Methodist, and she the only Baptist in the family, and she was providentially designed and splendidly equipped to be the loving and efficient helper to a Baptist preacher and pastor. Our home was pitched in Pittsburg, on the hill. I built a little house of two rooms, and upper room; it was an humble look-

ing tenement, but a home, our own, paid for, and chiefly the work of my own hands.

Every pastorate has its local incidents, so Burnettville was not exceptional. The membership was strong and united, congregations were unusually large, conversions and baptisms were frequent. As the fruitage of one meeting of fifteen days, forty-three were baptized at one time, on a bright Sunday afternoon, in a beautiful lake, three miles east of the village. Among the number was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers, whose parents and family were Methodists and bitterly opposed to their daughter becoming a Baptist. Finally, her father told her that she was old enough to decide for herself, she could exercise her own pleasure, but if she united with the Baptist church, she must find another home. She besought her father to give her conscience liberty, and still allow her to remain in her home, as a member of the family. But he was unrelenting, and I shall never forget the dear girl's grief, as we passed her father's home on the way to the water. He had said to her: "If you go to the water and are baptized, do not come back here." She was baptized; coming out of the water, she

calmly remarked: "All this for Him, who gave Himself for me." Just then, one of the strong men of the church, a deacon, and a neighbor to the father, stepping to the girl's side and taking her hand, said: "You will go to my house; that will be your home as long as you shall need a home." She went past her father's place to that good deacon's home. That was a bitter night in her father's house; sleep was driven out, grief was theirs, self-condemnation was theirs, God was there. The dawn of the early morning found a messenger at the home of the deacon, with a splendid note, signed "Father and Mother," saying to daughter: "Come home." There was genuine joy that morning in the father's home as the Baptist girl was welcomed back, and sat down with Methodist parents in a restored family circle. Maggie MaHuran was a bright, intelligent Christian girl, and followed her conviction of truth. She afterward became the wife of a young Baptist minister, who served several churches successfully, but who died young. His widow, later on, became the wife of another minister, whose name is fragrant in many churches. Truth does not always have smooth and pleasant sailing.

It was here that I conducted my first mar-

riage ceremony; it was a church affair and my good wife said I was practicing on chairs and hymnbooks for weeks before the real thing came. She had a lively imagination.

During this pastorate, our people decided to build a substantial and comfortable meeting place. The money was raised, the contract let, and the house was well-nigh enclosed when a pitiless twisting wind demolished it, breaking in pieces much of the timber. For a time there was paralysis upon our people; they seemed utterly crushed. This seemed an opportune time for a proselyting congregation to ply their cunning in the use of a little ecclesiastical diplomacy, and immediately an invitation came to our discouraged people to occupy their meeting house when they were not using it. This invitation was heartily accepted, and my first sermon in that pulpit was on a Sunday morning. It was suggested by these words: "Thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy presence there is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." My theme was the sovereignty of God in personal salvation. In the afternoon my appointment was in the country. That afternoon, the pastor of the people, in whose

house we were worshipping, preached to his people, using my text of the morning. I suspect he gave a more modernized, natural and illumined interpretation, at the same time indulging in some critical flings at the young theologian, and the unreasonable and unbiblical character of his denomination.

Our people were disconcerted and ablaze. They met me on my return from the afternoon service and told me what had occurred, saying: "You must vindicate yourself and our church." It was then time for service, the excitement was on, the house was packed with an excited and somewhat belligerent throng. My brethren said: "You must reply tonight." I said: "How can I? I have no preparation and my mind is on another subject."

They were insistent and I went onto that platform, at sea as to what to say, no text, no subject, as it seemed, suited to that hour. I announced the hymn, "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound." While the people sang, I prayed, "Lord, prepare my heart and brain and tongue for the work of this hour that thou mayest be honored and Thy truth vindicated." The prayer

was made, the last hymn was announced, and still I had no text or subject. During the singing of this last hymn, in a moment, like a flash of light, the suggestion came. Why not use again the verse of the morning? My troubled spirit was at ease. The singing over, I said: "No preacher has ever exhausted a text of the inexhaustible Book. Your attention is invited tonight to Psalm 16:11, "Thou wilt show me the path of life, etc." Never in all the years of my ministry have I been more conscious of the divine help than that night. The pastor, with many of his flock, was there with pencil and note book. I contented myself with re-affirming and re-enforcing what I had said in the morning.

At the close of the service, the pastor came to me in an apologetic way, and said: "My brother, there should be no controversy between us; your people and ours are so nearly one that they ought to come together, and have but one church. Besides, your meetinghouse is destroyed, you will not need to build another, our house will accommodate all of us. Why not all unite?" I listened to this specious bit of diplomacy, and asked him several questions: "When is a penitent sinner

pardoned?" "When he obeys in believing," he answered, "more than that, when he obeys in the water of baptism." I said: "Is pardon absolutely restricted to baptismal environment?" He said: "There is no promise or assurance of pardon outside of baptism." I asked: "What then is the condition of the multitude—Methodists, Presbyterians and others who have not been in the water?" He answered: "That is between them and their Lord; I do not judge them. God's way of saving men is through faith and baptism." I then said: "You suggest one organization; do you hold any position or opinion that you are willing to surrender for the sake of one organization?" He said: "Since we are on the Book, we could hardly give up anything in justice to our Lord." That was the end of that chapter. The fact was apparent, that, taking advantage of what the storm had done, our houseless and discouraged condition, they had planned to swallow us, but the morsel was too large to be taken in, and too tough and hard to be masticated. In fifteen months the Baptists were on the hill in a new meeting house, and were happy and prosperous.

Another incident in connection with this first pastorate may be mentioned. A special meeting

in the interest of the Monticello church was held about seven miles from the city in a school house. The weather was severely cold, snow six inches deep, and sleighing superb. The meetings were thronged and there were many conversions. The time came for baptizing. Tippecanoe River ran hard by. It was solidly frozen over, but our brethren removed the ice at the upper point of an island. Presbyterian and Methodist people criticised us most ruthlessly for presuming to take people into that cold water, some of the more impulsive even going so far as to say the law ought to intervene and arrest the preacher. Some said it smacked of deliberate murder.

The day was clear, sunny and beautiful; great crowds came to see the baptism. They were not content to stand on the riverbank, but that they might see the better, a lot of these critical folk gathered on the ice, circling the open space, where I was baptizing. Three or four persons had been baptized; I was standing in the water with a candidate, in readiness to administer the ordinance, when suddenly a crack in the ice, running from bank to bank, sounded like a piece of exploding artillery. There was a hasty and panicky scat-

teration, the rush broke the ice into many pieces, and there were a lot of Presbyterian and Methodist feet immersed before they touched the solid bank. It was scarcely worth while to ask these folk about the temperature of that water. Their criticisms seemed to be silenced in this new, unexpected and icy experience. The removal of a few blocks of floating ice enabled us to complete the baptism, and not one of those who went into that icy river suffered the slightest impairment of health. Perhaps this is the place to say that of the nearly two thousand I have led into baptismal water, I have not heard of one whose health was injured, thereby or therein.

In the spring of 1885, I closed my service with Monticello and Burnettsville, desiring to lessen the amount of travel. Continuing the work at Pittsburg, I accepted the care of Jordan, Sugar Creek, and Laramie churches, for one-fourth time each. This change concentrated my work quite a little and gave me more time for reading and the more studied preparation of sermons. Seasons of revival and refreshing came to each of these churches that winter; in one of them thirty-seven believers, in another, twenty-eight; it was a gracious harvest time.

CHAPTER V.

WANDERINGS IN THE WEST.

In the spring of 1856, I was seized with the spirit of adventure. I had heard of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, had traced their windings in the atlas, but had not seen them, indeed, had never looked on stream more majestic than the raging Wabash. With ten twenty-dollar gold pieces in a leather belt, buckled around my body, inside my clothing, I set out for the alluring West. St. Louis was the biggest thing in city fashion that I had ever seen, and I spent two days with distended vision, catching something of things new and wonderful. I stopped at the Planters' Hotel, and, to accommodate my purse, took a room on the fourth story, on the court. My appetite for chicken, which had always been famous, suffered a tremendous collapse here, as I saw the method of preparing this part of the bill of fare as it progressed in the court below. I have not forgotten the Planters' from that day to this, even though chicken was cut out of dinners there.

At St. Louis, I took passage on a steamer, bound for Kansas City and St. Joseph. There

were no railroads in operation west of St. Louis, though the Missouri Pacific and the Hannibal & St. Joseph were building. The steamer carried both freight and passengers. Its statesrooms were all taken, its deck and hold were full of freight, every variety of merchandise. Some amusing incidents occurred. One night, after the passengers had gone to their statesrooms, we struck a sandbar solidly. The old boat screeched and trembled, many of the ladies came rushing out of their statesrooms in great fear and alarm, some of them wringing their hands and screaming in the excitement and distress. Just then the captain appeared, commanding them to their rooms with several expletives not overly polite. "Say, you —— fools, do you think you can sink on a sandbar?" There was a sudden disappearance of night robes and beautiful faces.

Kansas City landing was finally announced, our boat pulled in and was cabled to the bank. The landing was on hand, but the city had not arrived. The then Main Street was not a street, but a muddy winding roadway, used for the most part in wagoning goods from the landing out to the village of Westport, now a part of the city.

There was at that time not a graded street or a paved sidewalk in the place. There was not a perceivable ray of hope suggesting the coming of a great, commanding, commercial metropolis. Leavenworth had much more the promise of greatness. If I had put down my pieces of gold here at that time, and kept them down about the junction of Main and Delaware Streets, I might have been a ruined preacher, but a commercial millionaire. My financial vision had limited range.

I left the Missouri River at Weston, and traveled on foot to Bedford, Ia., a distance of something more than a hundred miles. I walked into Stewartsville late one Saturday night, and stopped at a little wooden hotel. I was legweary and muddy, for I had walked nearly thirty miles that day. After supper, in conversation with the landlady, she remarked: "You look and talk like a preacher. Are you a preacher?" I replied a little timidly: "Yes, I preach sometimes." "What denomination?" she asked. "Baptist," I said, and quickly she responded: "I thought you looked like a Baptist. I am a Baptist, and tomorrow is our meeting day. The streams are so full, our preach-

er cannot get here. You will preach for us. We will be more than pleased to have you." The morning came, warm and beautiful. I went with the good lady to Sunday School. She told the superintendent and others that I was a preacher, but it seemed to me, from the style of their glances, as if they said: "May be so; he may be a preacher, but he has a boyish look." They invited me to preach at eleven o'clock, no matter what their questionings may have been. A fine congregation came together. I took for my text, John 3:14: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man, etc." I traced the parallel between the pole and its treasure in the wilderness, and the cross and its treasure on Calvary. "The parallelism is seen," I said, "in this: First, both were appointed to cure; second, both were divine inventions; third, both must be lifted up; fourth, both must be apprehended; fifth, both cured all who apprehended them." At the conclusion, one of the deacons jumped up and said: "The young brother will preach for us to-night." That night the little meeting house was crowded to the door, I preached, the Spirit helped me. Afterwards the good people put ten dollars into my hand, the hotel would have no pay for my

stopping, and Monday morning a young brother came, with saddled horses, and carried me twenty miles on my journey. That was Christian cleverness. It was sixty years ago, but the memory of that Sunday in Stewartsville stays with me.

The spring was very wet; the streams were much swollen, and I had difficulty in crossing their swift currents. I came to Platte River, and it was running bank full, out over the valleys in some places. There was neither bridge nor ferry, just a small dugout canoe, and that on the opposite bank, so I called loudly several times, until a boy about twelve years old came out. I called: "Can you canoe me across the river," and he replied, "I can try." He managed to put the boat to my side, but the current had driven him down stream several rods below the landing.

When I stepped into the canoe, he pushed out, but he had only one paddle, the current was fierce, and beat us rapidly down stream. I said: "Let me try." He handed me the oar, but before I could get into a position to use it, the current had turned our boat quite around. I handed the paddle back and told him to beat hard on the left side until we got out of the current. The little fellow

worked like a Trojan, but with very little result. Presently, I discovered the limb of a tree extending out over the water and bending quite low, so I said: "Try to get the boat under that limb, I will catch it and pull us to the shore." We came under the tree, but it was higher than I thought. Standing, I made a jump, caught the limb, but came down with one foot outside the canoe. I struggled to keep footing in the canoe, and hold the limb, calling on the heroic boy meanwhile to beat with all his might on the lower side. Finally we got the canoe out of the current and made landing, but we were fifty rods and more down stream. That courageous boy and that venturesome preacher would be a long time forgetting that canoe ride. With bag in hand, I pulled myself on about ten miles. I was meeting a heavy thunder storm and wondering where I was going to spend the night, when just as the rain began to fall, I came to a small two-roomed farm house. I hastened in and asked for shelter, which was kindly given me.

There were four members in that family, the parents, a boy, ten years old, and a young girl of about seventeen. That night the rain fell in tor-

rents, the lightning blazed, the thunder rolled and roared, but about eight o'clock the girl's best fellow came in. Evidently this was an engagement, and great matters were to receive attention. Presently the parents, the boy and the stranger retired, but all in the same room. The suitor was plainly clad, bedticking trousers, hickory shirt, suspenders of wool yarn, home knit, a much worn straw hat, unpolished shoes, and sockless feet. It was evidently the man the girl admired, and not the apparel. The light extinguished, the wooing couple sat and whispered, until they had reason to think all sleepers were asleep. Then gradually and easily the whispering turned into outspoken articulate words. There was one curiously wakeful, motionless sinner in that room, who heard the loving deliverances, the extravagant statements of devotion, the anticipated bliss of coming days. The great event was mentioned, the date was fixed, then the edifying touch of lips and the good-night. The next morning, the stranger incidentally mentioned the fact that the thunder and lightning had kept him awake the greater part of the night. The girl instantly said: "Ma, I believe in my soul that man heard what me and Jim talked about last night."

A footman's journey of twenty-five miles the following day, across the unoccupied prairie, brought me into Bedford, Taylor County, Iowa. Here I met the Rev. J. M. Smith, who had baptized me, and the Rev. D. Ivans, who was ordained with me. A delightful stay of two weeks in this new land gave me opportunity to preach many times. One Sunday I preached the recognition sermon to a newly organized church. I stood on the log carriage of a sawmill, the people sat on piles of lumber and unsawed logs. There were twenty-eight vehicles that brought people to that service, sixteen of them drawn by oxen. Finely cultured people went about in those days drawn by horny horses. There was genuine old-time religion in that meeting, and it was peculiarly pleasant to preach to them, for the God of the Sabbath was with me and the people.

CHAPTER VI.

BACK IN INDIANA.

Concluding my work in Monticello and Burnettsville, I supplied four churches for a time, Pittsburg, Sugar Creek, Jordan and Laramie. The people were poor, money was scarce, and the salary was small. With an old horse and buggy, wife and I went from church to church, healthy and happy in the work. The good women of the churches loved Mrs. Clark, and kept our buggy laden with edibles, ham, sausage, flour, butter, eggs, potatoes, lard and, of course, chickens. We lived nicely, comfortably. The pastor can have no better asset than a companionable, sensible wife.

Called to Southport and Greenwood, Ind., in 1857, I found both of these churches strong, united and aggressive. The congregations were uniformly large, and conversions and baptisms frequent. At Southport, twenty-two young people were baptized at one time; there were eleven young men and eleven young women, one of whom, Miss Mary McFarlan, afterwards became the wife of Rev.

E. S. Riley, who was in later years pastor at North Topeka, Manhattan and Garnett, Kas.

East of Southport, four or five miles, there was an anti-mission church; in fact, anti-education and anti on many other lines. Some of their young people attended our services, were converted and baptized, and asked me if I would preach in this anti-mission church. I agreed, if the way could be opened, and the arrangement was made and the appointment announced. The people came in great numbers; there was something new under the sun. I preached, text: "By grace are ye saved," and after the sermon, an old deacon arose and said: "If the young man always preaches thataway, he can preach here agin," so a second appointment was made. The second sermon touched upon the largeness of the divine provision for the recovery of lost men. Deacon Moore's head wagged significantly and negatively, and as the sermon ended he jumped to his feet once more, and said: "We want no more preachin' like that in this house." They have had nothing like it since, and for the last twenty years have had no preaching at all. The house is used for a hay barn. Two sermons rounded out my theological

performances in that place, but I had the pleasure of baptizing many of their young people in the after years, among them two grandsons and one granddaughter of the old man who had told me: "No more preaching of that sort in this house."

West of Greenwood, about six miles, there was a very thrifty community along White River. which had been largely overlooked by religious propagandists. A neighborhood meeting house had been built. It was a community house, but the United Brethren had managed to get complete control. We had a Baptist deacon who lived in that section, and one of the trustees of the United Brethren church frequently came to our church in Greenwood with him. At length he gave me a pressing invitation to preach in their house. The invitation was finally accepted, services being held every three weeks for a number of months. Then an arrangement was made for me to spend a week or more in the community, preach every night, visit among the people in the daytime. I met the people, both in their church and home life, and interest in the services grew from the beginning. The house was too small to accommodate the crowds that came. Toward the end of the

week several members of the United Brethren church said to me: "Why not give the people an opportunity to express themselves?" I said: "Shall I give them an opportunity to unite either with the United Brethren church, or with the Baptist church in Greenwood?" They replied: "That is right; give that opportunity."

Friday night, that liberty was extended, and to the surprise of all, ten persons came forward, among them, the man and his wife who had given the land on which the church stood, the brother to the chairman of the board of trustees, and his wife, who was a member of the United Brethren church; a daughter of a Methodist minister, and six others. They were received, and all made application for membership in the Baptist church. At the close of the meeting, I announced that I would be there one week from the following Sunday, preach and administer baptism. Before leaving for Greenwood that night, I thought I detected the intonations of an approaching, ecclesiastical earthquake. There were sullen mutterings. The presiding elder who had the management of that kingdom, was speedily notified of conditions. An obstructive policy was proj-

ected. My appointment was to be displaced by their circuit preacher.

When I reached the place, the house was crowded, and multitudes were on the premises outside. I never saw anything comparable to it on that hill. The circuit rider was in the pulpit; I had never met him, and wondered why he was there at my appointment, but I spoke with him and enquired his name. He replied: "My name is Cox, Irwin Cox, and I am sent here by our presiding elder to preach today." "But," I said, "I am to preach today by appointment for a special purpose." He answered: "I am here for a special purpose, to preach today." Then, with Baptist emphasis, I said: "This is my appointment and not yours, and I shall proceed to fill it." Picking up the Bible, I began to read the opening lesson, prayed and announced the text: "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life." The sermon considered the source of authority in the kingdom, it had doctrine, duty, emphasis, it had Baptist flavor, all Bible truth has. The sermon finished, we went to the water and baptized ten believers. The circuit rider announced that he would preach that

night, and that "the Baptists could not use that house again."

To say there were angry people on Chapel Hill that day does not adequately express it. I heard nothing from the field of battle for a fortnight or more, then a message came from Deacon Spencer and others, saying, "Come as soon as you can, and preach. We have a place for you." Sunday afternoon, one week later, I was there. The place was packed to the door with people; an old wealthy farmer, named Sutton, not a member of any church, acted as spokesman. He met me at the door, conducted me down the aisle, and to the stand, and then addressed me as follows: "Brother, we believe in freedom in religion. We heard all the sermons you preached in the house across the way. These sermons should not have offended anyone, but we saw you, and many of our neighbors, who helped to build that house, denied the use of it, and we have no sympathy with the outrage. We have built this chapel for you, and in it we want to hear you preach. We present it to you today, and we have designated it as Clark's Chapel." I thanked the old man and the sympathetic people, and proceeded to preach. It was a

comfortable building, thirty by sixty, plank siding and roof, large windows, board sittings, and many times did I preach in that tentative place. Souls were therein born to the Kingdom. Later, a church was organized and a good meeting house erected.

The following two years were given in laborious and almost unrestricted service to the Indiana Baptist State Convention. Strength and time were overtaxed in the effort. Several new missions were established, new lines of work were perfected and funds enough were secured to meet all current outlays at the end of each quarter. Thousands of miles were traveled, and an address or sermon reached the average of one for every day in the year.

CHAPTER VII.

BITTER DAYS—WAR ANIMOSITIES.

In 1861, came the internal disturbance, and the country was plunged into the cruelties and carnage of civil war. Sectional bitterness was rampant, communities and states were divided and battle-stirred, and religious interests were paralyzed, or consumed in the enveloping tide of antagonism. Missionary activities were largely suspended. The blood-reeking sword had in great measure taken the place of the sword of the Spirit. The strokes were between the swords of Richmond and Washington.

The disagreement, which had been gradually growing for years between the North and the South, culminated in an open rupture and organized separation. The Southern states, by legislative action, annulled their relation to the American Union, and established a new Confederate Government. This at once necessitated the removal or surrender of all forts and arsenals, and any other properties held by the United States, located within the territory of the Confederate States, and this was a condition the United States

could not and did not recognize. This government could not recognize the right of the disruption of the Union and the formation of a new government on the territory of the United States, and immediately the war was on. Forts Sumter and Moultrie quickly fell under the pitiless assault of the Southern soldiery, South Carolina being foremost in this attack. The authority of the government being thus disregarded and defied, with unprecedented haste, the war cry resounded in all the land. The drums were beating battle notes in every town and village, men were enlisting by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, great armies began to march into terrific and deadly combat; sectional hatred and the spirit of revenge and intolerance had well nigh driven the possibility of compromise, of considerate arbitration, of peace, other than at the sword's point and the cannon's mouth, from the country.

To attempt to stand unswayed by this sweeping tide was no trifling task. To believe in one's country, and not believe in and endorse the war, was to be misunderstood, misrepresented, and in some cases, to be wickedly abused. There were a few men who believed the entire controversy could

have been settled without killing a man, much less hundreds of thousands of men, but he who did not talk war was scarcely permitted to talk at all; the preacher who did not preach war was cashiered, and abused, notwithstanding, he was sent to proclaim "The glad tidings of peace on earth, good will to men." There were a few, not cowards, but men with a conscience, that would not permit them to kill their brethren, who did not advocate war, to shoulder a musket and fire the deadly shot, and I belonged to this class of non-combatants.

I kept on preaching the old soul-saving Gospel, just as if there were no war; there was no occasion for preaching anything else, and nothing else could better meet prevailing conditions, or so it seemed to me. But an intolerant spirit ruled the country-side, and when I was from home, preaching a dedicatory sermon, one of my deacons came to my house and told Mrs. Clark that I must announce myself in favor of the war, and advocate its necessity in the pulpit, if I did not, I would lose my pastorate. Mrs. Clark answered that I was and ever had been true to my country and its laws, but that I did not feel that my relation to

God and man called for the advocacy or adoption of a death-dealing policy. The good deacon was much disturbed and excited. Rumors were on the breeze, and were easily wafted from ear to ear. Three nights after, some courageous patriot hung on my front gate post a cross, a piece of rope, and a coffin, suggestive of coming events, if that war cry did not get into my pulpit. In unterrified fashion, that pulpit continued to preach Divine comfort to troubled saints, and salvation to penitent sinners.

Greenwood furnished a company of soldiers for the war, the captain and first lieutenant and many others being members of my church, whom I had baptized. On the occasion of the company's departure for the battle zone, I made an address to the boys, in response to their request, and asked God's protection and blessing upon them. But the war spirit was aflame and it became more and more hazardous to hint at any possible adjustment. Both of my churches said to me: "We love you, believe you are a good and honest man. We love to hear you preach, you preach the Gospel, but you do not endorse the war as we think you should, and we fear you are not loyal."

So, being elected to the office of superintendent of state missions, by the convention board, late in 1861, I accepted this call, and closing my pastorate with the Greenwood and Southport churches, I moved my family to Indianapolis. Immediately, I gave myself to the convention work, with all possible earnestness. The cause of state missions met with cordial greeting and generous responses everywhere, the empty treasury began to fill, old missions were strengthened, new missions were opened, the glow of activity and advance was written on the countenances of the brethren. All financial obligations were met, and we had a small balance in the bank, and I was preaching the word of the Lord, everywhere, the best I knew how.

But the war fever waxed warmer with every new month, missionary fervor began to weaken, mischievous tongues were wagging, my attitude was more and more misinterpreted. In 1862, the Indiana Baptist State Convention met in annual session in the First Baptist church of Indianapolis, with about one hundred ministers and messengers present. Dr. Silas Bailey was chosen president. One of the resolutions offered was

about this in substance, and was submitted by the Rev. J. S. Irwin: "Resolved, That he who is not in favor of the vigorous prosecution of this war is disloyal to the government, and is looked upon as our enemy, the enemy of our children, the enemy of the church, and the enemy of God." Three men spoke against the resolution, Silas Tucker, J. W. Ragsdale and I. N. Clark, referring to its vindictive, unchristian, and denunciatory spirit, after which a standing vote was called.

When those opposed were asked to stand, Tucker and Ragsdale sat still, and I. N. Clark, and he alone, was on his feet. But I never voted more conscientiously. I was amazed that those who had been my warmest friends, even the man who had preached my ordination sermon, should and could vote for this wickedly pernicious resolution, and I could not see how any of them could have any fellowship with me after such a vote. I talked with many of them, and asked: "Do you really think that I am your enemy, an enemy to your children, an enemy to God? What have I done to justify such thought and action?" They said: "No act, but rather what you have not done. You are on the wrong side. We love you, but we

love you as we love our enemies.” These brethren expressed much sympathy for me, and wondered why I would not bear the sword and kill the enemies of the government, but I still held the opinion that wrong had been done on both sides, and that genuine religion and true patriotism might have settled the matter without shot or shell. However, conservatism seemed impossible, and I closed my convention engagement, and went into ecclesiastical seclusion, hoping for the time to come again when the song of redemption would be as gladly heard as the battle cry.

This was the great defeat of my life, and it seemed a very Waterloo, no pastorate, no work, no support, and many of my most trusted brethren arrayed against me without cause or justification. To be causelessly cashiered, spurned, shunned, misrepresented, even denounced and vilified, and at times in danger for my life and liberty, was a bitter experience. Every life seems to have such a chapter, sometimes a long time coming, but inevitable for most of us. The war cloud, with its merciless storm and tempest, brought it to me. I seemed utterly forsaken, and for a time retired to the solitude of my humble home. I had no income, but we owned a small piece of land, and

this I worked as best I could. It gave us our vegetables and furnished wood for winter fuel. Mrs. Clark was very resourceful and we managed to live in a very simple and economic fashion. In the fall I took a place as a helper in a grain warehouse, shoveled wheat and corn, carried sacks of grain, weighed out loads of merchandise, went through all the routine and roughness of the hardest kind of day labor. Many a night I was so leg-weary that to get to my home was a struggle, but I had to walk, for the carfare must be saved for the purchase of bread.

But I was not wholly forgotten; there were some whose confidence remained, whose sympathy lingered with me, who had waited upon my ministry in other years. These came to my relief, and unsought contributions came from generous hands in many places, from Greenwood, Morgantown, Trafalgar, Shelbyville, Greencastle, Thorntown, Rossville, Pittsburg, Delphi, Monticello, Burnettsville, Acton, Aurora, Lawrenceburg, Lebanon, Frankfort, some even from outside the state. Cast down, but not destroyed, these proofs of friendship were the silver lining to the dark cloud rolling over me.

Then a community in the western part of

Johnson County, Indiana, organized a grove meeting for two days' continuance. This movement was led by Judge Harding, a prominent Presbyterian, and people of all religious beliefs, and people who had no religious convictions, joined in the movement. Multitudes came from every part of the adjacent country. I preached six sermons, the aim of each being to honor the Book by exalting its holy teachings. The people were orderly, attentive, and happy, and they were days of grateful worship. At the close of the meeting, Sunday night, Judge Harding handed me one hundred dollars.

At another time I preached in the front yard of a friend, who was not a member of any church, but a believer in justice and fair dealing. The yard was full of people, they sat on chairs, on the blue grass, leaned on the fences, many stood, and the spirit of worship was with them. At the close of the sermon, the owner said: "Our brother has preached the truth, nothing but the truth. Let us all help him." He proceeded to gather in their offerings, and it was a generous response. I think I never received more for preaching a single sermon than came in to me that afternoon.

That same year, in accord with a previous ar-

rangement, I preached the opening sermon to the annual meeting of the Indianapolis association, in session with the Crooked Creek church. My text was: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." My enthusiasm for forty minutes was expended upon the immutability of the foundation of a Bible church. Some people were disappointed; they wanted what they called a patriotic sermon. I thought I was pre-eminently loyal to the King's cause, in establishing His reign in the earth. But good Dr. Henry Day, pastor of the First Church of Indianapolis, said to me: "Brother, you gave us a good, strong sermon, but it had no war in it."

While General Morgan was making his famous raid across Southern Indiana, the excitement was intense. I had an engagement for a special service in Wolf Creek Baptist church in Boone County. When I reached the place, Saturday evening, Deacon Denny told me the report was in circulation that the Home Guards were to arrest me that night, or the next day at the church. That was stimulating rumor, one eye did most of the sleeping that night; Deacon Denny pillowed his venerable head on his six shooter, for the Home

Guards were yelling and carousing about us the whole night.

However, I was unmolested and was quite serene the next morning, though I did not know what desperate thing might happen at the church, which I found filled to the doors, and many standing in the aisles and about the door unable to get in. I discovered several men in the church yard with war accoutrements on and their muskets in their hands. They were Home Guards, there to keep the preacher straight, and intimidate disloyalty in that congregation of Baptist worshippers. I preached as warmly and spiritually as I knew how, the Holy Spirit helping me. John 3:14 was foremost: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him, might not perish, but have eternal life." I tried to stand as nearly under the cross as I could, and I never had more liberty in speaking, and I never spoke to a more attentive audience. The men outside came to the doors to listen, the warriors crowded to the windows to hear. While the people sang the last hymn, an old man, not a church member, stepped up to me and said: "An

effort may be made as you pass out to arrest you. Do not fear. There are a hundred pistols in this audience and the first man who lays a hand on you to interfere with your liberty will be shot down. A carriage will be at the door, pass out and step into it. You shall not be harmed." I was not frightened or disturbed, and left quietly.

One day I was surprised to receive a letter from a man, who had heard me preach a sermon some years before, but whom I did not know. The letter said: "Our church is divided and pastorless; can't you come and spend a Sunday with us?" I was suffering to preach, and I said yes, though I knew nothing of conditions. I was on time at the place. The good brother said to me: "Some of our members will not hear you preach. They have heard things and are prejudiced, but you will have hearers." Sunday morning, to my surprise, the meeting house was well filled, people having come even five and ten miles to the service. My theme for the morning was the glorious characteristics of the Gospel. The evening service was also well attended, and Monday morning the old man said to me: "We thank you for coming. Come again in two weeks, and here is some-

thing for you, to help you along." He handed me twenty dollars. I went home with a happy heart. It was good to preach the blessed old Gospel, without a vindictive word or a sectional allusion.

A little later, another, a large church, which had been pastorless for some months, called me to its pulpit. There was dissension in this church, for reports had gone to some of the members that I was not entirely loyal to the government. So the call was not unanimous, but two prominent men of the church went in a quiet way to Greenwood and Southport, from whence these adverse stories came, and made careful investigation. They found nothing and returned with flattering reports. From that time on there was harmony and great prosperity, congregations increased, many converts were baptized and a splendid meeting house was built. The victory was won. Loyalty to God and his truth had brought me through this causeless, unreasonable and unjust persecution.

CHAPTER VII.

AT WORK ONCE MORE—INDIANA AND OHIO.

Concluding my work with the State Convention, I accepted the pastorates of the Mt. Pleasant and Hurricane churches. Here was large opportunity for constructive work. The spiritual apathy, resultant from the war, called for special aggressive effort, that religion might obtain proper attention again. Mt. Pleasant, however, was the most inviting and hopeful field, a country church with a membership of nearly two hundred, many of them wealthy farmers. I think of one who had nine hundred acres of splendid valley land, another with five hundred; another, four hundred; many who had from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and forty acres of good Indiana land. The church had never had more than half-time service and had never paid its pastor more than \$250.00 a year, and the meeting house was old, quite out of repair, and totally inadequate to accommodate the people who attended.

At the very beginning, there were encouraging tokens of coming blessing. Many old men seemed to take on new interest and zeal; I can re-

call, vividly, the stirring words of John Willard, William Needham, John Owens, Nelson Conover, William Reese, Noah Needham, J. W. Beard, J. W. Webb, E. Tucker, Boone Bryan and others. I soon found myself intrenched in the confidence of my people. It was never so easy to preach, and conditions were never more suggestive of topics. In the first winter the Lord gave us a great refreshing, more than fifty persons coming into the church. The summer following we touched the baptismal water nearly every month. In the second winter, we had a glorious harvest. I think I baptized eighty-six during the winter and spring months; twenty-eight were baptized in Sugar Creek in seventeen minutes, by Deacon Needham's watch. It was an orderly baptism, no undue haste; when the baptism was finished, Deacon Needham announced to a thousand people: "Seventeen minutes, at the rate of over one hundred an hour; our young pastor could have baptized one-half of the three thousand himself in one day."

I had four preaching stations in the adjacent neighborhoods, one of these in an especially growing, thrifty community. A Baptist man, by the name of Beard, gave an acre of ground for a meet-

ing house, to the Protestant Methodists, with the provision in the deed that the Baptists might use it when not occupied by the Methodists. For several months I had preached here every third Sunday afternoon. It happened that more people came to the Baptist meetings than to the Methodist, so, at length, having learned that the house would not be occupied, I announced a meeting of one week's continuance, beginning at a definite date. When the time came, I found the preacher in charge, on hand, having changed his appointment to absorb mine, a diplomatic move, if not a courteous one. His excuse was: "This is our house, and it is more convenient to me to be here now than at another time." Not a word of this change had been mentioned to me or to any of our people before, but when I discovered the *animus* of the proceeding, I said to the people: "I will retire and hold a meeting at another time." But my friends would not have it that way. Several outsiders, leading men in the community, said to the Methodist preacher that it was wrong and besought him to give way, and let me go on with my meeting, but he would not listen.

They then proposed a joint meeting, and to

this he finally assented. Although not feeling as harmoniously inclined as on some other occasions, I fell in and preached that afternoon. He preached that night and we agreed then upon an equal division of pulpit work; that no personal effort should be made to influence anybody; that at the close of the meeting, opportunity should be given for persons to unite with either church. The people came to the services in great numbers, morning and evening the place was full, and lively interest was taken in the preaching of the Word. Friday night came, opportunity was given for enlistments; the Protestant Methodist preacher stood at one end of the platform, the Baptist fellow at the other.

The Protestant Methodist man was a loud singer, so both standing, he said: "Now, while we sing, come!" and struck up "Am I a soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb?" and before the first stanza was finished, two young ladies had gone to his side. He was exultingly happy, I was happy and waiting. The singing went on, the second verse, then the third, and when the people came to that "Sure I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage Lord," there began to

be a significant movement. In the next ten minutes, twenty-two persons, many of them husbands and wives, were at my end of the stand. The emphasis in the singing shifted, for the enlistment tally stood two to twenty-two. I announced that two weeks from the Sunday following, I would be there and preach and baptize those who should be ready, urging all to be ready if convenient. The Protestant Methodist minister announced that he would preach the Sunday following our joint meeting.

At my appointed time, I was there, the people were there, the candidates for baptism were there, but the church doors were locked and bolted, the windows were nailed down. It was a chilly February day, and the people were shivering outside, but hot inside. A dozen and more young men came to me and offered to open that house, if I would say the word. Thinking a moment, I said: "No, let us do no violence. This will recoil upon the heads of those who did it. If the people can endure the chill of the weather for a few minutes, I can preach a little sermon from my buggy, then we can go to the river and baptize." They said: "We can and we will." I preached; the text was

short: "Fight the good fight of faith," the sermon was short, but it had emphasis and ginger, for the tension was on and the swordsman in battle armor. We went to the water and had a splendid baptism; there was real heroism shown there that day. That transaction spelt the death knell to Protestant Methodism in that community, for the population was very nearly unanimously turned against them from that day.

Following this pastorate, I became the pastor of the First Baptist church of Franklin, Ind. The importance of this field gave me a keener and livelier sense of responsibility. I was conscious of my unpreparedness and lack of experience to measure up to its pressing demands. There were some peculiar providential circumstances which had to do with this call and settlement. The war had seriously affected both Franklin College and the church. The fact was, the former was little more than a private academy, under the management of Professor Hill, and the church was in debt, discouraged and pastorless. Four prominent citizens of the town, not Baptists, not members of any church, proposed to the church to invite me to its pastorate, promising at the same time to be

responsible for one-half of the salary. The church accepted this proposition; the call was extended at a salary of one thousand dollars, and the work began.

At first the outlook was hazy, the skies murky, but with hopeful heart, the work, once started, moved timidly on. At the end of each quarter, these four men handed me one hundred and twenty-five dollars. They were D. G. Vawter, merchant; W. H. Barnett, county auditor; W. S. Ragsdale, county treasurer, and John W. Wilson, county clerk. These men not only paid their money, but both they and their families came to church services regularly, and invited other unchurched people to come also. They were anxious to build up the congregation, and the audiences did grow rapidly. The prospect became more luminous, and this was the turning point in the annals of that old historic Baptist church.

That winter, God gave us an upbuilding, constructive revival, when more than fifty members were added to the company of believers. Among these, Mrs. Ragsdale, Mrs. J. W. Wilson, Miss Mollie Barnett and Miss Lillian Vawter, one out of each of the families, who were making up the

pastor's support. Lillian Vawter, whose mother was dead, was the youngest disciple I ever baptized, just out of her seventh year; a number of persons had been baptized, when, last of all, this beautiful, sprightly little girl came up from her pew, splendidly equipped by her Presbyterian aunt. As she stood at the end of the baptistry on the platform, I said: "Out of the mouth of babes, the Lord hath perfected praise," then took her in my arms and laid her down gently in the water, lifted her out, placed her again on the platform and wiped her face dry, while the little thing stood smiling at the people. I do not think there was a tearless eye in that great audience. I never saw such a baptismal scene. Lillian grew into womanhood, married a young Christian lawyer, and was one of the most highly respected and devoted Christian women in all that community. She came to a premature death, a victim of tuberculosis.

In former pastorates, I had preached several series of sermons, one on the miracles of our Lord, one on the scriptural types, another on famous Bible men, but I decided to spend the Sunday evenings in the study of the doctrines of our

churches, the general topic being, "What do the Baptists stand for?" The attendance on these special services increased so quickly that extra seatings were demanded. Many people of other communions came, the sermons became the topics of conversation in the stores, shops and homes. A common remark was: "I did not know the Baptists believed that; I really did not know what the Baptists did believe." It was often said: "Go to the Baptist church tonight if you want to know what the Baptists believe and stand for." After the sermon on the security of believers in Christ, an old man, a Baptist, said to me: "Do the Baptists believe that?" I said: "Yes, they do." And he replied: "I think better of them than ever. That honors the work on Calvary, it means that Jesus saves."

Following the sermon on Regeneration, a lady, a member of another congregation, sent for me to come and see her. I called, not knowing what she wanted, and her first remark was: "Husband and I heard your sermon last night on Regeneration. If you preached the truth, I have never been regenerated. I have been immersed and have been a member of the church (not the

Baptist) for twelve years, but if that is regeneration, I know nothing of it. I am alarmed; what shall I do?" I said: "I preached the truth, I think." She replied: "I do not say you did not; I only say if that is the truth, I have not been regenerated, and am not a Christian. What shall I do?" I said: "Shall we examine the Scriptures together, if we may ascertain what regeneration is?" "That is what I want," she answered, and for three solid hours, with aid of Concordance, we studied God's message intently. We were on a vital errand. To know the nature, the necessity, the evidence of regeneration, was the object of our inquiry. This completed, she said, with pathetic emphasis: "I am not a Christian." The Sunday night following, I baptized her. It was Mrs. W. S. Ragsdale, the wife of the county treasurer.

The Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Morey, said to me, one Monday morning, after I had spoken on the construction and mission of a Bible church the night before: "You are on the right line in this series of sermons you are preaching. You are doing more to establish the Baptist church in this community than has been done for years. The mass of the people don't know what any of our

churches stand for. The pastor cannot do better than to build the intellectual and heart confidence of his people, about the doctrine of his church, it being understood that a Bible church holds Bible doctrines."

In 1868, Indiana furnished the First Baptist church of Urbana, O., with a pastor. An old field, a beautiful, conservative city; the Baptists owned and occupied "the little brown church 'round the corner," and were a solid, thinking, spiritually disposed membership.

Of all the religionists of the city, the Methodists were the biggest, the Presbyterians the more polished, the Episcopalians the more ritualistic, the sanctified, sinless Holy Rollers the noisiest, the Baptists the plainest and most spiritual. They had a good place for the preacher to live in, and kept something always in his larder for him to live on. The pastor could not become financially rich, but always had something. There was a steady stimulating growth in both the Sunday School and congregation, there could be no rapid advance since the city was not growing much, and the church lines ran into almost every family. There

were, however, numbers of conversions and additions to the church.

It was here, in the happiest moments of a pleasant pastorate, that tuberculosis assaulted my home in an attack upon my beloved wife. It was on Sunday morning. I had gotten up and dressed, kindled a fire in the kitchen, as was my morning habit, when suddenly I heard an unusual sound, and going quickly to the bedchamber, found Mrs. Clark sitting up, spitting blood, her mouth filling as fast as she could expel it. At length, she said: "Father, I am bleeding; this is the beginning of the end." In the thirty minutes following, she expectorated very nearly a pint of blood, and this was followed by intense pain and soreness. Her words seemed to be prophetic; that was the beginning of a fatal ending. Medicines, eminent physicians, change of climates, special treatment, every possible available means was employed, but the remorseless decay could not be arrested. She spent the winter immediately following the attack in Fort Scott, Kas., while I continued my work in Urbana. In the spring, feeling somewhat improved, she returned to Urbana, but in a few

months another hemorrhage came. This impelled my resignation and removal to another state.

I was immediately invited to supply the churches in Iola and Humboldt, Kas., made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. M. D. Gage, and I continued in this field until the year following, when the First Baptist Church in Ottawa gave me a call to its pastorate, which was accepted and service continued, until Mrs. Clark's death, which occurred in January, 1875. Two things of some moment, if no more, came during this pastorate. The old, unshapely, narrow bottomed, back-breaking pews, were displaced by others more modern, artistic and comfortable. Thus if the sermon grew long or withered into dryness, at least the people might have restful napping.

Second, the one-man custom of consuming the large part of the time in the mid-week prayer meeting was corrected. It was done after this fashion: The plan of announcing the topic for prayer and consideration the Sunday preceding was adopted; following this announcement, one Monday the pastor took twenty-five postal cards, wrote the topic for that week on them, addressed these cards to as many members of the church,

who were quiet in these meetings, and each was especially requested to use the first unoccupied moment to speak or pray. The revolution came. The meeting was opened. At the first pause, half a dozen people were on their feet, ready to have part, and for forty-five minutes that measure of promptness continued. That was a live, wide-awake social service. One brother was amazed, and said to the pastor: "Brother, what has broken loose here?" I said: "The people are coming to believe that the prayer meeting is theirs, and they have done the breaking loose."

In October, 1875, the First Baptist Church of Portsmouth, O., invited me to its pulpit, a city of fifteen thousand, county seat of Scioto County, a church well housed and splendidly located, never very strong or commanding socially or financially. Strange as it may be, an ecclesiastical row, in which the former pastor was entangled, had impaired the social standing and influence of the church. Some had stoutly asserted their personal sovereignty and had gone into isolated independence. It is possible that a Baptist brotherhood may do some unbrotherly things, regenerate men may have the demeanor of impenitent rascals.

The task of uniting scattered forces and re-

covering lost ground was most laborious. Divergencies of opinion and chaotic conditions were confronted. Slowly apathy gave place to awakening and interest, indifference was supplanted by enthusiasm, alienated members came back, excluded members were restored, outstanding letter-holding Baptists came in; in short, all lines of Christian activity were strengthened and revived. In the first year's service, there were about sixty persons added to the church, the larger number of them by baptism. In the second year of this pastorate, it was my privilege to preach the first sermon ever delivered by a missionary Baptist minister in the town of Wheelersburg, eight miles above Portsmouth on the Ohio River. Having spoken several times following this, the people requested a meeting of some days' continuance, so in the early spring, I spent a week with them, preaching every night, visiting the people in their homes in the day.

On the last evening of the meeting, at the request of Major Malone, a member of the church in Portsmouth, who lived near the village, I said: "Are there persons here who would like to unite with the Baptist church, or organize a Baptist

church here? If so, will they tarry a little after the conclusion of this service?" To our surprise, thirty-seven people stayed, among them four Methodists. After prayerful consideration, it was decided to organize a church, and plans were made to effect it. A month later, the organization was completed, recognition services were held, and the next day a citizen, a business man of the town, gave us a beautiful corner lot on which to build a meeting house. Money was secured, a chapel, costing twenty-six hundred dollars, was erected and paid for. The last sermon I preached in Ohio was the dedicatory sermon to this chapel. Immediately following this, we went down to the Ohio River, where I baptized a splendid convert, a young lady, the organist in our new church. It was a splendid closing to my Ohio ministry. It pays to be constructively aggressive, to be ever vigilant in looking out for openings to establish substantial Kingdom work.

In 1867, while preaching at Second Mt. Pleasant, I performed the ceremony that united in marriage Nelson S. Conover, a prominent member of my church, and Miss Elizabeth Carson, daughter of a Presbyterian farmer and pioneer of

Shelby County. During the years of my work in that community, I was many times a guest in this family, until 1873, when I was called upon to preach the funeral service of this man, who had been one of my strong supporters and zealous friends.

After the death of my first wife, I again met and renewed an old friendship with Mrs. Conover, and in November, 1875, the friendship culminated in our marriage. Thus, it may be said, and we have many times laughed over it, that I married my wife twice. I also had the privilege of baptizing her into the Baptist church, a few weeks after our marriage.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIANAPOLIS AND THE CONVENTION.

Now, it was back to Indiana, in response to the call of the South Street Church in the city of Indianapolis. Of this church and its field I had little knowledge; the call had come to me wholly without my knowledge or seeking. Both Mrs. Clark and myself, being Indiana born, had some inherent desire to live and labor in the state of our nativity.

October, 1878, found me in Indianapolis, ready for the new work.

The South Street Church is well located, at the corner of South and Noble streets, at the opening of Fletcher Avenue. At this date it was the only Baptist church or mission in what was known as the South Side. This includes all of the city south of the great thoroughfare, Washington Street, which runs east and west, the entire length of the city, eight miles or more. Then there were seventy-five or eighty thousand people in that part of the city; now there are 120,000 or more. The chapel was a long, narrow, one-story, single-

room building, constructed of brick, with stone trimmings.

At that time there seemed to be an inexcusable hesitation and conservatism about the Baptists of the city; only one small, struggling church among seventy-five thousand people was not a flattering interpretation of Baptist activity. The membership of the church was something more than one hundred, the overplus was for the most part unprofitable, indefinable and in some instances unfindable annexes. They were, for the most part, laboring people; the wealth of the church was not in money or real estate; it was in soul properties. For a time, they had been without pastoral leadership, and they now proposed to give the pastor twelve hundred dollars annually, and give him the liberty to select and to pay for the place in which he might live.

I was in the mid-week prayer meeting preceding my opening Sunday service; there were fourteen persons present, two or three of them children; there were just three men besides the new pastor. The following Sunday I preached from the text: "What wilt thou have me to do?" I talked about my errand to that field to eighty

ears present, hung on forty heads; just how many of these hearing ears, I did not know. There was a very perceptible and stimulating increase in the evening. The unsightly, unattractive place of meeting had no winning effect upon non-church going people—only those who were moved by positive religious conviction attended. However, over against all hindrance we made some measure of progress in that opening year; the Sunday School and church attendance more than doubled, and there were also several additions by baptism.

My first impression upon seeing the meeting place was that little constructive progress could be made, apart from a new and more modern church building, something at least as fascinating in appearance as the average homes of the people. Very soon and often I touched this matter in the pulpit; it gave fragrance to nearly every sermon, but I soon discovered that the mind of the church was not a unit in this matter. Finally, I was informed that I need not urge the project of a new house, that Baptist people, if they were genuine Baptists, could worship in that house and be content to do so. That prompted me to say: "That it was not Baptists, chiefly, that we wanted, but

rather the people that were not anything but sinners, that we might win them into the Kingdom and make Baptists of them." After several months of agitation of the church building problem, the matter came to a final vote. The single question was, "Shall the church undertake to build a meeting house?" There was a large and representative attendance, with the vote a standing one. A sturdy, solid deacon sat with his wife and family; we were all in fear of him. In the vote all the members stood up in favor of the undertaking, except this one deacon. The opposite vote being taken, this heroic man stood, but glancing about, saw that he stood alone. He said in pathetic tones: "I seem to be alone, but I am a Baptist, and believe in the majority ruling. Before I sit down I will say that I will start my subscription tonight with two hundred dollars." The victory was won.

Subscriptions were secured; plans were drawn and adopted, and the building was commenced. It went on splendidly, until the square of the structure was reached, when our available means was exhausted. We decided to cover the walls, suspend work and gather funds during the winter to finish the building in the early spring.

But there are surprises coming, often, to those

who are struggling to do the right thing. Walking down the street on Saturday morning, I met Dr. H. C. Mabie, then pastor of the First Baptist Church. "How are you getting on with your building?" he inquired. I told him our condition and difficulty, and what we had decided to do. He quickly replied: "Do not do that; your walls will injure. Come to my church tomorrow morning; you shall have the pulpit. We will help you. Preach or tell about your building struggle." I said: "Thank you; I will be there." I was superintendent of our Sunday School. At its close, I said to the deacons: "You must fill the preaching hour, I cannot be here."

I was in the First Church, Dr. Mabie by my side, at service time. A great congregation was before me, none of whom, save Mabie, knew I was to be there. My text was: "Beginning at Jerusalem," and I talked about beginnings—of nations — republics — Kingdom of God — churches, closing with a short sketch of the beginning of the South Street Baptist Church, its present standing and pressing need. Dr. Mabie made some suggestions, the ushers passed out my little pledge cards, after a little gathered them in, and wrapped

them up in paper uncounted and passed them to me. My good wife had remained at home; the dinner disposed of, she said: "Let us see what you have done." The first card said \$300.00; the second, \$200.00; another, \$150.00; five or six said \$100.00 each; several, fifty each, among them, Dr. Mabie's. There were many smaller pledges and ninety dollars in cash, the total footing was \$2,300.00. I preached that night in my own church, told them where I had been in the morning, and what the people of the First Church had done for us. The people of the South Street Church clapped hands and sang the doxology. Monday morning our contractor was directed to immediately enclose the building, and the work from then went steadily on until the place was completed and dedicated. The Sunday School of the First Church put into the auditorium the two large cathedral glass windows, at a cost of three hundred dollars, and several friends put in other smaller windows.

Then another surprise came. We had one member, the wealthiest one of the flock, who would not promise a dollar. We had decided never to ask him again. When the workmen were getting

ready to put the pews in place, he met some of the ladies and inquired if they were going to carpet the floor before the pews were placed. They said, only the platform and aisles; we can do no more. He went to the carpet store and ordered the man to cover the entire floor, with a good, durable carpet, and send the bill to him. God helps those who try to do that which ought to be done. The work advanced more rapidly after the new sanctuary was opened. Mrs. Clark and myself put into that meeting house five hundred dollars in cash, besides which I gave four months of the most vigorous part of my life to the securing of this place of worship.

This was the most trying and laborious chapter in all my ministerial and pastoral experience. I had put hand and money to the construction of eight meeting houses before, but none of them comparable to this. To preserve sweetness and freshness in the pulpit, and keep constructive and harmonious movements going outside was well nigh an exhausting task. During this pastorate, however, there were many refreshings from the presence of the Lord. In one of these, twenty-seven new members were baptized; in another, fifty-five. The last year forty-four, largely from

the Sunday School, were baptized. This was the final chapter in my pastoral history.

In 1882, the Indiana Baptist State Convention met in annual session in Fort Wayne. The Rev. Dr. Elgin, who had been the superintendent and financial secretary, had decided to retire, and the question of his successor was disturbing the brotherhood quite a little. On the way to the convention, the Rev. Albert Ogle came to me and asked me if I would accept the position, if it were offered to me. I answered: "I could not. Please do not think of it and do not mention it." I thought that was the end of it, as nothing more was said to me about it on the way to the convention or at the convention.

At the convention, however, the committee on nominations put my name before the convention as Dr. Elgin's successor, but before a vote could be taken, I entered my protest, saying that I was happy in my pastorate and could not accept. Dr. Dobbs, who was presiding over the convention, said reprovingly: "Brother Clark, a good Baptist will obey the voice of his brethren." I answered: "Not unless it is the voice of God." The vote was recorded; unanimously elected, I said over and over: "I cannot accept. While I

appreciate the confidence of my brethren, I cannot leave my church." The church had most heartily entered its protest before my return, and when I came back, at my first meeting, I said: "I will remain with you," and informed the executive committee of the convention of my decision.

A few days later, a committee from the Board came to me and gave me this statement: "On the way to Fort Wayne, they had privately asked every messenger on the train who should be Dr. Elgin's successor, and every one, without a single exception, and without any solicitation, mentioned your name, and there were nearly two hundred of them." They said: "The mind of the convention and the denomination is on you. This is providential; you must not absolutely decline." This was a new revelation to me and prompted me to reconsider the whole matter. I finally informed the church of these facts, and announced my willingness to be led of Providence. The church said in all candor: "Do what you think God would have you do." I then closed my work with the church and entered the service of the convention for the second time.

The state campaign was one of intense activity, unstinted effort was made and unreserved

energy was expended to bring success. Thousands of miles were traveled; every conceivable method of getting anywhere was utilized; Walker's Line was always open and available, and used more than a little. Associations, conventions, dedications, picnics, wherever it seemed possible to project Indiana state missions, was sought; indeed, the greatness of the state as a mission field suddenly assumed immense proportions in at least one man's mind. The conviction possessed me that every considerable community ought to be sweetened and fertilized by the presence and influence of a Baptist church. The twenty-seven county seat towns, not thus furnished, the several whole counties not thus equipped, these, with the many untouched sections in every county, were a constant pressure and appeal; in labors much; in weariness oft; in blues never. A missionary who would bring things to pass has no time to dally with blues, or nurse discouragements. The years of work went happily on, old stations were re-enforced, new situations were established, notably Marion, Jasper, Boonville, Anderson, etc., and began to feel the touch and influence of Baptist evangelism. The missionaries were compensated promptly at the end of each quarter, the convention work was gaining in force, influence and finances.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIELDS BEYOND—THE MISSIONARY UNION.

Coming in from the field, after fifteen days of hard work, in the latter half of June, 1885, my good wife said: "There is a letter on your desk for you, from Boston. Who are you corresponding with in Boston?" I said: "With no one. I do not know anybody in Boston." I was anxious to see the inside of that envelope, to know something of its contents. I discovered that it came from the office of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and was an official statement of the action of the executive committee in organizing a new secretarial district in the West, including the states of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado; also an announcement of my appointment to its supervision, with a commission authorizing me to perform certain functions, fixing the amount of salary, and suggesting as possible headquarters, Kansas City, Topeka, or Denver. It closed with an earnest request that I give the Union a favorable answer, and that I enter upon the duties of the appointment at the earliest moment possible. This was the first intimation I

had that anybody, anywhere, had anything such as this in mind. To say that I was both puzzled and amazed, but feebly suggests my state of mind; puzzled to know the origin of the movement, astonished that the appointment was made without my knowledge, consent, or even so much as an intimation of its possibility.

My curiosity was in a measure satisfied afterwards when I learned that the general secretary had written to Dr. Stimson, informing him of the intention to make a new district in the West, and asking him for the name of a wide-awake, Western man whom they might select to supervise it. He and Dr. H. L. Stetson and Dr. A. Washburn, all suggested my name. Immediately, this great problem confronted me. Why should I surrender the state work to accept this? Are there reasons to justify such a change? If so, what are they? The following suggestions came to me in the effort to decide:

First, it will remove the pressure of personal responsibility to meet the salaries of the missionaries at the end of each quarter.

Second, it will give more time for the securing of missionary information.

Third, it gives a larger field for tillage and a greater variety of work.

Fourth, it will give a larger and more practical conception of the great intent of Christianity.

Fifth, it gives promise of more permanent work.

Accepting the appointment, I left Indianapolis, August first, for my new field; stopped in St. Louis, at the Southern, and after a good breakfast, I started out to Dr. S. W. Marston of the American Baptist Publication Society, a royal brotherly spirit, who, in loving, generous fashion, gave me much information concerning Missouri, its condition, divisions and many excellent practical suggestions as to how to proceed. Knowing that in Missouri I must be shown, he proceeded to show me. I knew that Sterling Price and General Lyon had fought ensanguined battles on Missouri soil. I had heard of Lone Jack, Spring River and Carthage, and I knew that both Richmond and Washington had ardent supporters among Missouri Baptists. I knew that although artillery was parked, and swords were in scabbards, there was a lingering prejudice and belligerency that made a chilly atmosphere in some

places. I was not wholly impressionless concerning the possibility that any representative of any society with headquarters in New England, or on the north side of the Ohio River, might strike a frosty climate in some parts of the new district. I began at once to subject myself to rigid discipline, that I might meet whatever came and yet preserve sweetness of temper and maintain Christian demeanor.

On the way from St. Louis to Kansas City, I stopped off at Kirksville, where a district association was in session. The pastor, Brother Keltner, met me and said: "Are you a preacher?" I said: "Yes; do I look like one?" "Yes; not strikingly so, however." I told him who I was and what I represented. He introduced me to the moderator, who a little later presented me to the association and asked me to speak. I occupied fifteen minutes; about five of them were consumed in brushing away the timidity, and told the people who I was, my errand, who sent me, and that my work would not be to antagonize any established line of missionary work, but simply and only to have some little part in the larger development of the missionary spirit. I thought I

was fairly polite and courteous, but I had scarcely touched my seat when a large, portly man arose, and said, with considerable emphasis: "We have our missionary methods, and our established lines of work. We don't want anybody from any other society to interfere, and we think it very impertinent in them to come here." Was I squelched? Surely, but not killed. I walked out, but the moderator followed to the door, and said: "I want you to know that the brother who spoke after you did not represent the spirit of this association. We give you cordial welcome; you have as much right to represent your society as he to speak for his, and we want to assure you of this." I felt better.

On to Kansas City, where I established headquarters at the Wright House, a hotel then located at the corner of Eleventh and Grand Avenue. I had baptized Mr. Wright and received him and his wife into membership in the First Baptist Church of Franklin, Ind. I met cordial greeting in Kansas City. Dr. Lowry, Deacon James, Brethren Shouse, Ferguson and Peake, with many others, gave me most kindly consideration. The passing autumn months were spent among the as-

sociations and conventions, and it was a great joy to know and have the cordial greetings of the people of the states in this initial touring. I very soon took on the parlance of missions; indeed, my lips became so accustomed to saying Judson, Rangoon, Bassein, Ava, Oungpenla, Clough and Ongole, that they could scarcely move, apart from the flavor of these historic names. Calls multiplied, engagements thickened, labors were more abundant, the ears of the people were opening to hear something of missionary sketch, achievement and need.

In October, I met the Kansas Baptist State Convention in session at Newton. As I entered the auditorium, I caught one face that I recognized, Rev. J. P. Ash. I sat at his side. A brother was on the floor, making an enthusiastic speech, in which he referred somewhat to the personnel of the former convention. He said: "We miss today the silvery voice of the eloquent brother, who has so faithfully represented the work of the Missionary Union." When he had finished, Brother Ash arose, and said: "I have the pleasure to present to this convention Dr. Tolman's successor, my old friend and brother, I. N. Clark." The

convention clapped hands, and saluted me with the Chatauqua welcome. I bowed in courteous recognition, and then said: "I am pleased to be here, to follow my illustrious predecessor, and while I cannot hope to be as efficient as he, I shall do the best I can. I have a voice, but not silvery; I have neither silver in voice nor pocket, but I shall be looking out for silver; it takes silver and gold, men and money to make missions go." At another time I had opportunity to tell the people something about what I wanted to do, and make a little survey of our missionary fields and achievements. I guess I made the people believe I had voice enough to make myself heard in most auditoriums. I spoke in forty associational meetings and four state conventions that fall. I had some unique and really humorous experiences.

At an association, the messengers were doing the King's business in the meeting house, while preaching was to be out in the grove. The committee sent me out to preach. I was quite sure that the brethren would discuss missions during the hour, but I went and preached to about five hundred people. After the sermon, I introduced

the people to Burma, India and Ongole, and told them something of what had been done and more about what should be done, and then said: "Let us take a collection." I called for four women, one from Missouri, one from Virginia, one from Illinois and one from New England. Very soon these women reported, and then I called for four missionary hats. There were a lot of such hats there that morning, though probably many of them never covered missionary heads. The ladies were supplied. It was a new thing for women to take a public collection, certainly a novel performance in Missouri. These women went all through that audience; they were smiling and happy, and the men could not easily keep from smiling as they fished for the pocketbooks. The people were pleased and gave, and the ladies brought in about thirty dollars. No matter that they discussed missions inside, we got missionary money outside.

Two years later, five secretaries were at the same meeting on the same day. The men, who were the delegates, were attending to business matters in the church house; preaching was going on in another place. All these secretaries

wanted to speak to the men, take their collections and get away that day. Sometimes some secretaries are off, just as soon as the skekels are corralled. These all had opportunity before me, and all took offerings. At last my time came. Five appeals for money to the same audience in the same day, appalled me, and pulled all the snap and vim out of me. I was puzzled to get something to say. It seemed quite clear there was no money left, so why should I make appeal and expect money? I had an Indian idol with me, held it up, talked on Ongole, of 2,222 baptisms in one day, and of the twelve hundred gods that were thrown away that day at that baptism. Then I said I was a farmer's boy and for several years had milked the cows, and had soon discovered that the strippings was the richer part of the milk, so I pulled for the strippings. I said: "That is where I am today. The brethren who have preceded me have gotten all the milk, there is nothing for me but strippings."

Just then Joshua Hickman jumped up and said: "Brother Clark, let me pull for the strippings." I said: "Thank you; do it!" With his big-crowned hat, he began, shouting: "I want your

strippings. Don't hold them back; let them down." The men were all rolling with laughter. He shook his hat as the strippings poured in, and at length came up and put it down, saying: "Brother, there are some strippings." The counting disclosed the fact that the strippings were more than all the preceding milkings, so the farmer's boy was not left.

On my seventy-second birthday, which was a Sunday, I preached in Perth, Kas., at the annual meeting of the Chickasha Association. At the close of the meeting, I said: "I am seventy-two years old today. I would be happy to secure an offering of seventy-two dollars for missions." In a very few minutes, seven ministers had pledged five dollars each, an old man quite my age, said: "I will give ten dollars." Just then another elderly man, Brother McCandless, stepped up to the pulpit and laid down twenty-five dollars. Following him came a young lady, a teacher in the Winfield schools, and laid down a twenty-dollar gold piece. The giving continued, until the total birthday offering was one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

A Sunday morning in Wellington, after my talk in the First Baptist Church, the young pastor

said: "I want to start our offering this morning with ten dollars, five for my wife and five for myself." Another young man in the congregation said: "My wife and myself will give ten dollars." That young man is now a prominent banker in Kansas City. Another ten followed and another; presently an old Englishman and his wife came arm in arm up the aisle, and said: "Here are three twenty-dollar gold pieces we want to give for the support of a native preacher in India." The total contribution that morning was one hundred and thirty-seven dollars. God prompted the givers.

On the occasion of my first visit to Canon City, Col., the pastor met me at the station, and on the way to his home, said: "What do you want our people to do tomorrow for missions?" I replied: "All that you can." What else could I say? He asked if fifty dollars would do. That was more than they had ever given to foreign missions, and I said, yes, with real zest. That meant a forward movement. The morning came, the people came; we had a good service, the Holy Spirit was in the temple. While at the dinner table in the pastor's home, the church treasurer announced the collection for missions, cash and pledges, as \$177.00.

The pastor had been at work with his people, and had preached missions.

It was in the primitive days of Wichita, the days of its incipient greatness, when blocks and streets and avenues, parks and boulevards, were in brain, plat and imagination. The Rev. J. F. Harper was the manager of our Baptist heritage. I had a Sunday with him, sleeping in his home and breakfasting at his generous table. On the way to the church, he asked, "What ought we to give to foreign missions today?" I said: "What can you give?" "Well," he replied, "will one hundred dollars satisfy you?" That sounded large to me, and I was glad when he said: "We will pull for that." I preached on the mission of the Gospel, adding some statement of our part in missionary enterprise. The pastor then said: "We want one hundred dollars this morning." Immediately J. F. Shearman said: "I will give one hundred dollars to make my pastor a life member of the Missionary Union." Mr. Lyon followed with one hundred dollars, a widow lady gave one hundred, a young man and his mother, one hundred; a lawyer, one hundred; several others each pledged one hundred dollars; there were several fifty and

twenty-five dollar gifts; the Sunday School gave eighty-five dollars, the women gave one hundred dollars; so that the total cash and pledges that day amounted to about eighteen hundred dollars. Some of this was long-time pledges. There was more money then for a short period in Wichita, in proportion to its population, than there ever has been since. That was a Red Letter day for the greatest city, hard by the raging Arkansas, and not likely has it had such another missionary day.

Looking over the list of associations to be held that fall in Southern Missouri with the superintendent of missions, S. M. Brown, I said: "I am inclined to visit some of these," and mentioned a certain association. He said: "It won't pay you; you won't get enough to pay your expense of travel. They don't do anything for any cause." I said: "That is just where I ought to go, and that is where I am going." I started, reached the town about 4 p. m. and called on the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wright, a good name. He said: "You will preach for us tonight." I said: "Can you get anybody out?" "Sure," and off to the printer's. In a little while he had five

or six lively lads, scattering dodgers in the homes and business places of the town. At 8 p. m. the hall was filled. I preached, told them I was a Baptist, and was concerned to plant Baptist missions in all lands. The pastor then said: "We believe in missions, but we never have given much to foreign missions. Let's begin tonight." He proceeded to take up a collection; nearly everybody gave something, and that one collection was more than enough to pay all the expense of the entire trip.

The next morning I went with the pastor to the association, about eight miles in the country. A great company came together from the hills and valleys of this and other counties. I preached at 11 a. m. out in the open, spoke on missions at 3 p. m., and at the conclusion of my address, the moderator asked what it cost to support a native preacher. When I answered one hundred dollars, he said: "Brethren, we can easily do that in this association." In twenty minutes more than the hundred dollars was pledged, and I left the meeting with more than half the pledged amount in my pocket. The people were ready and anxious to do something to extend the Kingdom.

There are more than good peaches and good Jonathan apples in these Missouri flint hills; there are good people, good Judsonian Baptists, who only need waking up and leading out.

I spent a Sunday morning in Carthage, Mo., with L. E. Martin, the pastor. A collection was taken at the morning meeting; it was a generous offering. As I stepped down from the platform, an old man, plainly clad and quite stooped, met me, fifty cents in his hand. He said: "Take this small bit and add it to the offering." He then said: "Can you call at my home, 237 McGregor Street, tomorrow morning?" I told him that I would try to do so. That noon, dining with Brother Martin, I asked him who the old man was who had met me at the pulpit steps. He replied: "His name is Swan. He lives in a small frame house, and comes to church occasionally. I know very little about him." "He wants to see me. What does he want of me, stranger as I am to him?" Martin replied: "You probably said something in your sermon with which he is not in accord, and he wants to talk with you about it."

The following morning, I found myself on McGregor Street, face set toward the Swan num-

ber. I knew not what to anticipate; it might be a theological trimming down, or it might be a scutching for too great enthusiasm about missions. I approached the cottage with timid step, and gave a modest knock on the door. An old lady, with sleeves well rolled up, just from the washtub, answered the knock. "Mrs. Swan?" I said. "Yes," she replied. I mentioned the request of Mr. Swan, and she invited me indoors. The old gentleman was in the yard, planting seeds. He came in and we talked freely about many things. I was anxious to postpone to the last moment the lecture, if that was in the air.

Presently he said: "We have a little money we want to give to missions, if satisfactory arrangement can be made." He asked if the Missionary Union could pay annuity on funds given in trust during the donor's life. I said: "Yes," and gave him the annuity rates. He remarked: "Then I will give you a little." Stepping into a small side room, he soon returned with an old-fashioned, much-worn wallet in his hand. He took out of it a beautiful, finely colored sheet. I had never seen anything like it, but I soon discovered that it was a United States Bond of One Thou-

sand Dollars. Quickly he put another bond on top of the first, and then a third. "Three thousand dollars," I said in happy surprise. "Wait a minute," he said, and put a five hundred dollar bond down, and then another, and lastly, one for two hundred and fifty dollars in all, and all of which they desired to give to the Missionary Union. Going to an attorney, we had these bonds legally transferred to the treasurer of the Union. I never carried so much money in paper at one time, and never had more reliable paper. I knew there was a premium on this class of bonds, and so took them to a bank in Kansas City, asking what premium they would allow, in cashing these bonds. They said twenty-two per cent. I decided to express them to Boston, but the Adams Express agent said it would cost \$2.50 a thousand to do that. I said it was a donation to missions and asked for some concession from that rate. He said: "See the manager," so I took the bonds to him. He said: "All this for missions from one man?" I said: "Yes." Then said he: "Surely the Adams Express Company can get them to Boston for you, as its donation." They went, six days later I had a letter from the treasurer: "Bonds received, and cashed at twenty-five per cent premium. Amount

placed to the credit of E. P. Swan, five thousand, three hundred and twelve dollars, and fifty cents. Annuity six per cent." It signified much to get to 237 McGregor Street, Carthage, Mo., that Monday morning.

Out a short distance from the town of Fayette, Mo., the Mount Zion Association was in session, Dr. Yeaman presiding. The committee on service arranged for me to speak, but a prominent pastor made objection, because, as he said, the missionary policies of the association were aligned with another Board, and the churches had no money for any intruding society. Dr. Yeaman said: "Will you speak? It is your privilege and you have the floor." I spoke on the general work of missions, sketching, in hurried fashion, the origin and progress of the enterprise. I then said, with emphasis: "The intent of the Missionary Union is not to interfere in any way with the flow of any missionary money through any established lines. That if there was no money in that association, or in Missouri, which could be given to us cheerfully, we did not want it." Just then, silver dollars began to be tossed at me, and came rolling down the aisle toward me. Two women, members

of the objecting pastor's church, each handed me a dollar, and both men and women came crowding around me, handing me money and saying: "We have money for you and for any good work." W. J. Ray, brother to D. B. Ray, took his hat and passed among the people in the house and out of doors. He came back with about forty dollars. It was a sensational hour. Dr. Yeaman smiled, and afterwards said: "Clark, you were right, and you saw that the people of Missouri are not a narrow, selfish people."

A Sunday morning was spent in a church in Kansas, and at the close of the service, cards were passed for pledges for missions. When they were collected, one card had but one word, "Myself." The collector said: "I know the party who signed that card; would you see her?" I met her at the church door, a Miss Stannard, who is now the wife of the Rev. William Dring, and who, with her husband, became among the most efficient missionaries in Assam.

After an address in an association in Southwest Missouri, a young man who sat before me, a member of the senior class of Bolivar College, came to me and said: "That address has decided me; I am going to the heathen field." Following

his graduation, his application for appointment was accepted by the Missionary Union, and he was designated to Ongole, India, where he assisted Dr. Clough in one of his great baptismal services. He was the Rev. P. M. Johnson.

While secretary of the Missionary Union, I prepared a tract, "Fifty Years of Foreign Missions," five thousand copies of which were published by the society and distributed among the churches and people of the state.

In 1874, I preached the annual sermon before the State Convention in Leavenworth, Kas., the Rev. S. J. Kalloch, the pastor of the church, and Rev. J. R. Downer, the president of the convention. In 1910, thirty-six years later, I again preached the annual sermon before the convention, this time meeting at Atchison, with the Rev. A. J. Haggett, pastor, and Mr. H. E. Silliman, president of the convention.

During my years of ministerial service, I preached 6,840 sermons, built nine meeting houses, preached forty-eight dedicatory sermons, attended twenty-one ordaining councils, attended eighteen conferences for the settlement of church and pastoral troubles, attended 195 state conventions, the

National Anniversaries twenty-six times, the Southern Baptist Convention three times, the World's Baptist Alliance at Philadelphia, the general meeting of the Baptists of America in St. Louis. I married four hundred and eighty couples, conducted twelve hundred and forty funerals, baptized eighteen hundred and twenty believers, among them several ministers, ministers' wives, doctors, teachers and professors, Dr. J. W. Moncrief of the Chicago University among them.

After a happy union of nearly thirty-seven years, in the winter of 1912, my beloved wife fell ill, of a sickness believed at first to be merely rheumatism. A steady decline, however, which no medical attention seemed to remedy, finally resulted in a consultation of specialists, who advised an operation as a last resort. I immediately removed her to a hospital, where she was operated upon, while her stricken family awaited a verdict. But no skill of doctor or care of anxious nurse could avail, and on the thirtieth of April, 1912, God took her to her heavenly home, leaving her husband and her two daughters to deeply mourn the loss of a splendid Christian, a wise and faithful wife, and an affectionate and devoted mother.

CHAPTER XI.

AUTUMNAL DAYS—THE SEMINARY AND THE MEMORIAL.

In 1914, being informed that a joint secretaryship was considered desirable in the especial interest of economy, I proposed, in order to meet the demand and wish of the two societies, to represent the joint work of the societies, at the same salary the single society had given me. This did not seem best to "the powers that be," however, and I was placed on the retired list. The society expressed its unqualified approval and satisfaction with the work of twenty-eight years and more, and said: "Rev. I. N. Clark, D. D., for twenty-eight years the representative of the society in the Southwestern District, retired during the year at the age of eighty-one. Though preserving much of his old time vigor, it did not seem wise for him to undertake the work of the joint secretaryship, which it was thought best to establish in this district in co-operation with the Home Mission Society. Too much cannot be said in praise of Dr. Clark's faithful ministry, and his untiring efforts on behalf of the work."

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Southwestern District.

Period of service, twenty-eight years and four months. Addresses of twenty minutes length or more, 8,500; miles traveled, in doing official service, 1,600,000. The annual gain in the twenty-eight years, was enough to send out a woman missionary into a new field every year.

Thirteen Years Data.

		Increase.
1901-02.	\$11,113.06	
1902-03.	11,722.27	\$ 589.82
1903-04.	11,870.61	167.73
1904-05.	12,921.26	1,050.66
1905-06.	14,151.51	1,280.25
1906-07.	16,465.61	2,114.10
1907-08.	18,435.98	2,470.32
1908-09.	23,112.11	4,176.10
1909-10.	25,585.94	2,478.83
1910-11.	27,785.06	1,737.49
1911-12.	25,585.59	Decrease
1912-13.	27,999.42	2,313.83
1913-14.	28,949.72	950.10

Decrease 1911-12, New Mexico went south.

Total gain, abating decrease one year, was \$17,187.19, an annual average of \$1,482.28, enough

to send out a new worker every year. The total gain in these fourteen years would support seventeen missionaries, one year, or one missionary seventeen years. In the thirteen years of which I give statistics, I collected a total of \$256,298.68.

The winter of 1914-15 was passed in Columbus, O., with my daughter, Mrs. W. L. Mattoon; and never did a father have a more considerate and devoted child.

But to be without definite work induced restlessness and discontent. Then, too, the atmosphere of Ohio is unlike that of the West, its staid and aged conservatism does not inspire activity and enthusiasm. So, toward spring, I planned to return to Kansas City, where my household goods still were.

On my westward way, I spent a Sabbath in Indiana with a church of which I had been pastor fifty-seven years before. Great changes had been wrought in the sweep of these intervening years; more than thirty-five fathers and mothers, who had greeted me as pastor, had gone to their eternal destination. Their children and grandchildren gave me cordial welcome and attentive hearing.

The Sabbath following, I spoke to the people,

where, fifty-one years before, I had been the young pastor, and had delivered the gracious message and welcomed many to the church.

The third Sabbath, I was among my relatives, many of whom I had not seen for twenty years and more, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins and so forth.

I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church and a great company greeted me. The warm-hearted pastor encored me so vigorously that, forgetting my limitations, I poured so much enthusiasm into my utterances that when the reaction came I found myself limp and wilted. It was profoundly interesting to be once more in the place where my life and career had beginning, in the very room where my mother petted and spanked the turbulent boy. Gazing into the old fireplace, it was easy to replace many pictures of the life gone by.

Into the old frame barn, many timbers which my axe had felled in the forest, and blocked and scored for the broad axe; the blade marks of my axe are in the seasoned oak and poplar of that barn to this day. I strolled on the walks and through some of the paths, where as a rollicking,

barefoot boy, I had romped and played. I made a visit to the village, where, when eleven years old, I made my first and only political speech. It was when Polk was running for the White House, and the young Jeffersonians had raised a hickory pole, with a flag and polk stalks on it. Then a lot of old Jeffersonians seized me, lifted me to a store box and said, "speech." I spoke, but that speech was never reported; it was unreportable.

A glance at the old church building, in which I surrendered a prisoner to the Prince of Peace; a look at the winding stream through the woodland, in which I was buried in baptism in obedience to my Lord; an hour in the community cemetery, where in restful entombment father, mother and brothers lie to the day of resurrection—it was a day of hurried but most valuable review of precious and refreshing remembrances.

After passing a few days in Indianapolis with my daughter, Mrs. E. M. Fisher, and family, I came to Kansas City and was immediately invited by the management of the Kansas City Baptist Theological Seminary to solicit funds for the repairing of the building. For three months I used voice, pen and mails in the interest of this very

worthy enterprise. Completing my engagement with the seminary, I received a letter from the secretary of the Judson Memorial Association, with its headquarters in New York City, requesting me to act as its field representative in the states of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado and the two Dakotas. This work appealed to me, and on October first, 1915, I accepted the appointment and began service. In the months of October and November, I visited the state conventions of North Dakota, at Fargo; Minnesota, at Minneapolis; Iowa, at Cedar Rapids; Missouri, at Trenton; Kansas, at Clay Center, and Nebraska at Grand Island.

CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS AND INCIDENTALS.

After my ordination and the acceptance of my first pastorate, my father gave me a splendid young horse, speedy in travel, graceful in carriage, gentle and tractable. Horseback riding was then the fashionable way of going, the latter day luxuries of travel not being thought of. On my way to an appointment, which was thirty-seven miles from my home, I fell into the company of a man who was going my way. He was talkative, bland, smoothtongued, entertaining, the essence of politeness, and he appeared to be profoundly interested in preachers and religion. We journeyed together some miles, when he bade me a clever good-bye and turned on another road. I pushed on eight miles to my stopping place, a delightful Baptist country home, and my horse was stabled, haltered and fed, for the night was a bitter one. But the following morning I woke to find I had neither horse, saddle or bridle, for the devil had sent the mellow-tongued, silvery speeched horse thief on my trail. Thieves break in and steal, not even sparing God's special laborers. I was

a horseless young preacher, forty miles from home, and my sermon the next day was concerning the devil and his imps.

Incident No. Two.

Out from Burnetttsville, five miles on the bank of the Wabash River, is the little village of Lockport. I had preached there several times in the afternoon, and there were three candidates awaiting baptism. The time came for the service; while we were at the meeting house, a shower of rain, bringing down the water from the hills, discolored the water where the baptism was to occur. A level rock over which the water was running covered a ledge from which a step or two brought us water three feet deep. Two of the candidates had gone into the stream and been baptized in good fashion. The third, a nervous lady, had gone through the shallow water, the pastor was down in the deeper, helping the candidate down, when suddenly she became frightened, and with a scream of fear pulled swiftly for the shore. I was left standing in the deep water, quite alone in bewildering surprise. Recovering from my embarrassment, and getting to the bank, I said to the lady: "Do you want to be baptized?" On

her assurance that she did, I said: "We will go in." This time, my grip was tightened by the determination to succeed, courage drove her fear away, and the baptism was performed in good order.

Twenty-eight years later, I spoke on missions in Garden Plains, Kas., and at the close of the meeting, a man said: "Will you stop with me tonight?" Soon thereafter I was in his home. It was a bitterly cold night, and his wife had remained at home to keep the fires going. Mrs. Smith, when I was introduced to her, gave me cordial welcome, and in the conversation that followed, said that a young preacher by the name of Clark had baptized her. I asked her where, and how long since, and she replied at Lockport, Ind., nearly thirty years before. She mentioned how cowardly and silly she had been; how she ran and left the preacher standing in the water, and how bewildered he looked, and how he led her into the water the second time. "Why," she said, "I could not have escaped his strong grip if I had wanted to." "I remember," I said, "I was there." "Are you the minister?" she asked, in great surprise. We had a great visit. Lockport and its

history was in review, until the wall time piece struck twelve, before our heads were pillowed.

Incident No. Three.

There were three Baptist preachers who lived in Indianapolis in 1861-62. They carried the same name, Edward Clark, Minor G. Clark, Isaac N. Clark. They lived on the same street, Pennsylvania Avenue, on the same side of the street, and within two blocks distance. They were not related. Edward went as a missionary to Assam, Minor edited the Baptist Witness, I. N. was pastor, superintendent of state missions, and district secretary for foreign missions.

Incident No. Four.

In Indianapolis, while witnessing a great military parade, on Decoration Day, standing on a crowded street corner, with my Prince Albert buttoned tightly around me, and my baby girl on my arm, somehow, in some inexplicable fashion, some long-fingered devil got his hand under my coat, took my fine, full jewelled gold watch from its pocket, detached it from the chain, and escaped. A present from my beloved wife; I was both hot and sick, but never saw the watch again.

Incident No. Five.

Rev. A. J. Essex was a practical, tactful, energetic, and heroic minister and church builder. He invited me to preach the dedicatory sermon at the opening of several new meeting houses. Once at Muskogee, Ok., the ministers of the several churches were on the platform, just over the baptistry. I was in the furor of my sermon, when stepping back from the lecturn, the floor trembled somewhat, and the preachers seemed uneasy. "Do not fear, brethren," said Essex, "there is no danger, the baptistry is dry. When we take you into it we will see that it contains much water."

Other Incidents.

In Indiana, I had the pleasure of being a member of the board of managers of Franklin College, and for several years served as its chairman. I was presiding when Dr. H. L. Wayland was elected to the presidency of the college, also when he offered his resignation.

A man of splendid culture, but too eccentric and self-centered to find easy going among the people of the West, at the time, especially the Hoosiers.

The Indiana Pastors' Conference once asked

me to preach a sermon on the theological differences between the Baptists and Campbellites. I gave much time and patient research to this subject, having access to many of the Disciples' authorized and standard publications. I found the differences many, some of them very marked. The sermon secured the unanimous approval of the conference, but it stirred mightily the spirit of controversy among the preachers of the other denomination. It brought me many challenges to discussion, but the sermon was not prepared in the atmosphere of controversy, but simply to define in fair and candid fashion, the things for which the two denominations stood.

I preached a sermon to my people while pastor at Greenwood, Ind., on the qualified subjects and the correct and scriptural action in Christian baptism, which was published by the congregation and distributed in large numbers. A Presbyterian elder, after reading the sermon, said to me: "You Baptist people have the argument, but baptism is so non-essential, that it does not matter how it is done."

A Sample Address.

(The following outline of one of I. N. Clark's later addresses, of course, fails utterly to give his splendid "filling" of vivid illustration, stately rhetoric, and sonorous phrase; but it reveals the richness of his heart and mind.)

The Ministry of Passing Years.

Changed me in many respects.

Revealed to me, myself.

1. It has given to me a more accurate and discriminating conception of humanity.

2. It has lessened my estimate of the value and significance of things material to the larger and more complete welfare of men.

3. It has weakened my affection for and attachment to earthly things, since they are so fluctuating and unsatisfying.

4. It has given me a keener and livelier appreciation of God's great message to man, its verity, vitality, fertility.

5. It has intensified my conception of the solemnity of preaching, and the almost imperative need of the largest equipment that can be secured.

6. It has convinced me of the futility of

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and unsatisfying.

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great message to man -
its verily - vitality - fertility -

V It has intensified my
conception of the solemnity
of Preaching. And the almost
imperative of the preacher having
the largest and best equipment
that can be secured.

VI It has convinced me of
the futility of preaching without
the efficacious enduement of
the Holy Spirit upon the preacher
and his benediction upon the
people.

preaching without the efficacious enduement of the Holy Spirit upon the preacher and his benediction upon the people.

Creeds.

Just now, we hear much of creeds, creedless men and creedless churches, as if this was the time when churches should stand for nothing definite, and advocate nothing special or emphatic, popularize religion by much speaking of ear pleasing type, but empty of solids on which thought and soul may rest and hold in time of battle and temptation. There has scarcely been a time when pulpits and churches needed safe anchorage more than now. Foam and float, however taking, are not more nutritious to hungry souls than formerly. If strong, heroic Christians are made, they will be the product of strong, substantial, doctrinal, biblical teachings. The tree grows fastest and stands longest and surest, that is well rooted in good soil. The tent, without a center pole, will swing and collapse at any wind: the preacher who has no doctrinal cables, will drift with every change of ecclesiastical atmosphere. The creedless church will have less solidity than the social club. Think of an elephant without bones, a lion

without a well built frame, even a humming bird, apart from rib and joint and fiber. Even so, great pulpits and strong churches are built around great fundamental truths, the creedal principles for which they stand.

Colorado.

It has been a refreshing experience to travel the roadways, rocky ways, by ways, mountain ways, missionary ways of Colorado. I have battled with the coaldust of Trinidad, met the sand-filled breezes and salubrity of Pueblo, bathed me in the noonday sunshine of Colorado Springs, strolled the thoroughfares of incomparable Denver, breathed the fruit flavored atmosphere of Canon City, dispatched a spud or two at Greeley, sniffed the cultured breezes of Boulder, touched the towns of San Luis Valley, plunged into the Royal Gorge, gazed on the eyeless, threadless needle of the Black Canyon, scented the orchards and vineyards of Delta, the Junction and Palisades, struggled with the highness of Tennessee Pass, taxed severely my lively imagination in the Garden of the Gods, preached in the most elevated pulpit in America, and best of all, I have shared in the confidence and fellowship of the aggressive

and wide-awake Baptists of the Centennial State for many years.

His Rules of Ministerial Life.

Sixty-four years ago, when I began to preach, I decided to adhere faithfully to some definite rules. The following are some of them :

1. That in all my pastoral visitation and social intercourse with the people, I would be courteous and kind, not allowing myself to say anything that might offend or disturb the fellowship and unity of the community.

2. That I would show proper respect to pastors and churches differing from me and my own church, that I would freely co-operate with them in establishing social reforms, and in all movements that looked toward the betterment of community and city conditions.

3. That, while holding firmly my views of Bible doctrine and church order, I would cheerfully unite with Christian people in concerted effort to bring sinners to Christ, when I would do so without making apology, or compromising my relation to Bible teaching.

4. That, in the preparation for the pulpit,

I would always endeavor to recall the significance of preaching, come to the Book in the spirit of prayerful inquiry, ask God to give me the text best suited to the need of the people at that time, then proceed to the study of its meaning and the wisest method of its application.

5. That, if it were possible, I would always respond to the appeal of sickness or distress, or the melancholy note from the casket or death chamber, that as much as in me it were possible, I would carry into these places, the blessed and helpful consolation of our holy religion.

6. That I would studiously refrain from bringing into the pulpit, sectional matters, and all subjects that have no relation to the establishment of righteousness, the salvation of sinners, and the extension of the Kingdom of God.

7. That I would promptly and courteously answer every personal letter that came to me, and to this day, at the end of sixty-four years in the ministry, thirty-three years of that time in general work, I do not recall an instance in which a personal communication remains unanswered.

8. That I would not use tobacco or intoxicating liquor in any form, at any time.

From a Letter to Dr. W. A. Elliott, dated October 21, 1914:

“Since the moment of my enlistment under the banner of Prince Immanuel, I have coveted, never more than now, to be absolutely right in doctrinal and practical religion—as also in political, governmental and social relations. I never could afford to be in the wrong or to be wrong, certainly not in this moment in my career. A little review discovers that I have been wrong and in error, Oh, so many times. From the date of my initial sermon, sixty-one years ago, I have been dominated and animated by two masterful aims: First, to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, rightly rooted and established in him; knowing something of the meaning and mission of his redemptive message; able to put right emphasis upon its various parts in all public ministries and private counsels.

“Second, to form and maintain the most cordial and courteous Christian fellowship with my brethren in the ministry and with the churches. Having been piloted thus I have pursued my pilgrim way to this good day. Now the shadows of evening time are thickening about me. For the

days that linger with me and for me, what should I covet more than to be firmly and ever loyal to him, whose I am and whom I serve? Having accepted the doctrine of the supreme Lordship of Christ, I find myself in frequent inquiry as to what genuine loyalty to him is? What it includes? And how it is to be shown? And since I read the comprehensive message from his lips—‘Teaching them to observe all thing whatsoever I command you’—I am wondering if among the things he commanded, there is one thing of such little moment, or so trifling in significance in relation to his Lordship and Authority, that it may be omitted, disregarded or changed?

“I want in this poor way to thank you for your uniform kindness and confidence, and especially for the good words which fell from your lips on the night of my anniversary. I must ever be on time. Never miss a train. Never be late at dinner plate. Make shorter addresses. Put more into them. Never invade the other fellow’s hour. Come and see me soon. I want to talk with you about men, measures and Kingdom matters. God bless you and Ottawa.

“I. N. CLARK.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

Dr. Clark continued his work for Judson Memorial with all his wonted enthusiasm and zeal, his regal imagination aflame with the thought of a worthy commemoration of the great Baptist apostle in terms of human helpfulness here in our own land, in the world's greatest center of thronging humanity, New York City. But he was warned by his physicians that his hold on the earthly life was growing slighter, that any unusual, or even any usual, exertion might instantly snap the thread. This could not keep him from the strenuous endeavor which was his very life-breath, but with the growing weakness which his friends could note from time to time, it necessarily checked somewhat the vigorous exertion which had always characterized him. The old warhorse with difficulty was kept away from the great national meetings at Minneapolis, May, 1916, and was constrained not to be present in the body at the Kansas Convention at Newton, in October, although in the spirit he was there,

sending a loving greeting which was received with profound emotion.

It has, as Secretary Crawford has said, "Some of that stately touch which characterized all of his correspondence and his public utterance, and a pathos, now deepened by the fact that he has gone from us."

Kansas City, Mo., October 3.

Dear Brother Crawford:

I think I will not be at the meeting of your State Convention at Newton next week. This I deeply regret. It was at Newton that good Brother J. P. Ash introduced me to the Baptists of Kansas. It was there that Dr. Haigh, representing the Home Mission Society, extended me most cordial welcome in the name of that great Society. It was there that I made my introductory deliverance on World-Wide Missions to Kansas Baptists.

What a delightful time I have had with them in the thirty years since! I wish I could be with them in this great meeting. But it seems hardly possible. God bless the Convention.

Brotherly,

I. N. CLARK.

As the year wore on Dr. Clark surprised and blessed the Seminary body by several of his always welcome visits. Weary with the journey up the steep hill, he was yet always able to give spicy and vivid reminiscences of old days, the

earnest exhortations of one who was almost at the summit, words of faith and hope built on the unfailing Word, as his rich contribution to the Seminary life. On one of his last visits he showed his interest in both great causes by presenting to the seminary two paid-up "bonds" of the Judson Memorial, one of which now hangs in the Library of the Seminary and one in the classroom of the Training School.

Still busy about the Master's work, it was at the railway station at Hutchinson that he had a long and intimate talk with State Secretary Crawford about the denominational problems, especially on the smaller fields. A little later, December 29, 1916, not ten days before his translation, he wrote to the secretary a letter which with various mentions "too personal for general publication," contained the following characteristic sentences, showing the wide sympathies, sturdy faith, and ever optimistic outlook of this great-hearted, far-visioned man of God.

I am prompted to write this word of encouragement. I have known something of State Missions in Kansas during the thirty years last past, having had a lively and growing interest in this fundamental work. I have sincere pleasure in saying that never in the thirty years of personal obser-

vation has the success been greater than in the past few years. And never was the outlook more stimulating than at this present moment. I am quite sure that the more you become acquainted with the indescribable needs of the state—the magnitude of the present opportunity and the call for increased missionary activity—the livelier will be your concern of soul for the increase of missionary activities and the enlargement of missionary resources and appliances. While you may not see all you wish to see accomplished, you do see the constantly increasing evidences of growth and permanent advancement.

God bless you more and more.

Brotherly,

I. N. CLARK.

As the service for the Judson Memorial Fund drew near its close, his ardent desire for active usefulness, and the ingrained habit of all the strenuous years, made him anxious as to what his further form of labor was to be, for idleness, even in the midst of the tenderest care of his loved ones, was to him unthinkable. The question was answered for him.

Saturday evening, January 6, 1917, he came to Wellsville, Kas., to represent the Judson work, walking with the pastor, Rev. Frank Ward, from the station up to the parsonage. An evening of his inimitable talk, prolonged into the night, a good night's rest, an awakening to his usual vigor

and cheer, an interested hour in the Sunday School, and then he arose to address the school. He said that he had been a Sunday School boy for seventy-five years, and hoped to live to be a hundred, and be a Sunday School boy during all that time. Then he launched out on the splendid missionary opportunity presented by the great Judson Memorial Church in thronged New York City. He had spoken but a few minutes when he was observed to falter. Before he could fall, loving hands had caught him and gently eased him to a reclining position. Medical help was summoned, but the spirit had fled. At last he had "soared and forgot to come back." He had intended to preach that morning, and Pastor Ward had asked him what text he purposed to speak upon. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up," was the answer. But instead, that day, of bidding others look in trusting faith to the crucified Redeemer, as he had so delighted all his life to do, he himself was to see Him face to face, no veil between.

The Central Baptist Church, Kansas City, Mo., of which he had been so long a member, was

the scene of the funeral services, January 11, 1917. Rev. G. W. Cassidy, D. D., Joint Secretary of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies for the Southwest District, read the Scriptures and led in prayer. Rev. W. A. Elliott, D. D., of the Ottawa First Church, who conducted Mrs. Clark's funeral services nearly five years before, was the principal speaker, as perhaps closest in personal intimacy among Dr. Clark's countless friends, and one who had felt his wise and loving touch upon his life at many of its most decisive hours. He spoke of his immense labors, his prodigious and unremitting toil as he cultivated so successfully his vast district; of his flaming missionary passion, a passion that never paled or waned; of his fervid eloquence, lofty in bearing, magnificent in diction, fresh, and intensely vigorous in delivery, as full of enthusiasm in the little gathering, as in the vast congregation; of his genial affability and kindly humor, which made him the friend of all; of his profoundly religious nature, and, combined with large brotherliness for those who differed, his own definite, firmly anchored faith.

President Crannell, of the Kansas City Sem-

inary, who also had been one of the speakers at the funeral of Mrs. Clark, spoke of his own and the seminary's great indebtedness to the princely man of God who had been so wise a counselor, so steadfast and sturdy a friend, so inspiring a colleague, so stimulating an example of breadth of view and of passion, for the Book, the Kingdom and the King. Pastor A. LeGrand, D. D., of the Central Church, gave a tender message of the home rest that comes after the day's toil. Mrs. St. Elmo Sanders, an old-time friend of the family, sang two beautiful songs. Dr. S. A. Northrup, associated so long with Dr. Clark in so many ways, spoke a few impromptu words of deep affection. Six of the deacons of the Central Church, Geo. Campbell, Henry Coon, B. H. Brooks, A. L. Houghton, E. O. Longfellow, A. L. Howard, were honorary pallbearers, while as with Mrs. Clark before, six seminary students, in this instance Revs. W. F. Ripley of Colorado, H. E. Pettus of Illinois, A. Clifton of Texas, C. A. Heydon and G. W. Wise of Missouri, and M. O. Clemmons of Kansas, bore the body from the church and to its last resting place on the sunny hillside of Mount Washington.

A LETTER.

Cordial Greeting to the Oklahoma Indians.

Beloved Brethren: I wish I could give you in warmer fashion the salutation of my old hand, old and slightly wrinkled, but not palsied nor trembling. God, who gave me being, has looked into me and after me. How manifold are His mercies, how rich and plenteous His grace! I get weary, but I am not worn out, and I dare not become frazzled and rusty, for my heart is in Kingdom love and work. The name of the *Chief* among ten thousand and Him who only is altogether lovely, is on my lips, the sweetness and rest of His salvation is in my heart.

My spirit is in fellowship with you, and I wish I could be with you. I am speaking in memory of the greatest missionary America ever had, he who first told the people of India, who worship many things, but not God, of His love and the coming of His Son, to save out of every nation and tribe, all come to Him. Two Sundays ago, I made four little addresses, average length, twenty minutes; the people heard me gladly and my heart was happy. I often think of you; of the faithful men

and women who are doing so much for you to lead you into the Jesus road; of the good times I have had in speaking to you, and worshipping with you. And now I am thinking about another and a better land—it is just across the river. None will see that country except those who cross the river, and many who cross will never see it. It is the Home Land of all God's people—a prepared residence for a prepared people. Great numbers are going out of every kindred and tongue; Britons, Germans, French, Chinese, Japanese, Americans, Africans, are there and going. Jews and Gentiles have crossed the line. Indians are in that happy land—Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahos, Cheyennes—out of all tribes they gather; a place, never too warm, never too cold, perpetual light, unimpaired health, no sickness, no strife or battle, undisturbed fellowship and happiness. We shall meet beyond the River.

God be with you.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRIBUTES.

Just a few of those who knew Dr. Clark best, especially in Kansas, were asked to say, in from fifteen to twenty-five words (space limitations forbidding more), something of their feeling regarding Dr. Clark. Many hundred similar ones could be obtained.

President S. E. Price, D. D., Ottawa University:

A man of profound confidence in the living God; he had a great vision of the Kingdom and its extent; he believed in a realization of that vision, and gave his life to its widest extension.

State Secretary J. T. Crawford, in Kansas Baptist:

Every denominational interest felt the throb of his great heart. Foreign missions has had an advocate of wonderful force and acceptance. No man has been so widely and permanently entrenched in the affections of our Kansas Baptist people. How we shall miss his genial, courteous, dignified, forceful, machless presence in our deliberations and our fellowship.

W. A. Elliott, D. D., Ottawa, Kas., (Memorial Sermon) :

I rejoice that ever I knew this man of God, this hero of the Cross; rejoice that ever he was given to this state that he might build his life into our denominational structure. His life was a benediction and a blessing for a generation. May his mantle fall on not one or a few, but upon a multitude who knew and loved him as a friend and a brother.

W. Edward Raffety, Ph. D., Editor-in-Chief Sunday School Periodicals, Publication Society :

One of God's noblemen, keen intellect and kindly heart. He was an indefatigable worker, with wonderful vitality, always young—a constant challenge to us all to be and to do our best. He was loyal to the Word of God and to the Son of God, to the church, the denomination, and to the Kingdom.

Bruce Kinney, D. D., Home Mission Secretary :

A great, large-hearted, brainy master in Israel; eloquent, tender, impassioned, and lived a vicarious life.

D. D. Proper, D. D., District Secretary Home Missions:

A man of transparent Christian integrity, an indefatigable worker, and a true yoke-fellow among his brethren. Truly, like his Master, "He spared not himself."

T. S. Young, D. D., Sunday School and Young People's Secretary for Colorado:

An inspiration and a blessing to his ministerial brethren. His appearance in an assembly was as the coming of an invigorating breeze.

Don Kinney, Kansas City, Mo., formerly Newton, Kas.:

My feelings for the late great and good Dr. Clark are well expressed in Neh. 7:2: "I gave Hananiah charge over Jerusalem for he was a *faithful* man and feared God above many."

And this is a rare quality, as the Wise Man tells us in Prov. 20:6: "Most men will proclaim everyone his own goodness: but a *faithful* man who can find."

*Rev. Joe P. Jacobs, long District Secretary of the
Publication Society, now Superintendent
Missouri General Association:*

A friend that had my unbounded confidence for fifteen years. We traveled many thousands of miles together. I never heard him speak evil or unkind of any brother.

Dr. R. K. Maiden, Editor "Word and Way":

A man of heroic stature, thoroughly grounded in the faith; of deep convictions, always conscientious and unwavering in his loyalty to truth and right; honest, earnest, energetic, eloquent, effective; firm, faithful, fraternal; companionable, careful, courteous, kind, clean; gentle, gentlemanly, generous, genuine.

Rev. W. W. Searcy, Chanute, Kas.:

No one was more loved by the Baptists of the great Central West. We shall miss him sorely! Not until the books are opened shall we know the full fruitage of his great missionary life.

Rev. A. J. Haggett, Atchison, Kas.:

To know Dr. I. N. Clark was to love him, to hear him was to be inspired, to talk with him was an uplift from his powerful personality. He was a genuine Christian, an eloquent preacher, a great soul on fire with missionary zeal.

Rev. J. M. Gurley, Sunday School and Young People's Secretary for Kansas:

Had unusual physical strength and endurance. In character and as a Christian he was of the heroic mold. In personality he was simple and companionable, yet purposeful and dominant. His ministry was long and eminently useful.

Rev. T. J. Hopkins, Coffeyville, Kas.:

A modern patriarch in bearing, character and achievement. He will be long remembered as a man and as a rare champion of missions. Some of my deepest impressions regarding the needs of a lost world are traceable to his great utterances in my old home church, when convictions were forming in boyhood.

G. W. Cassidy, D. D., Joint Secretary Foreign and Home Mission Societies for Southwest District:

Vigorous, genuine, sympathetic, intensely loyal to the Master and His Word; his vision beheld a world need and his heart longed for a Kingdom conquest.

Rev. C. D. Eldridge, Ph. D., Edgerton Place, Kansas City, Kas.:

Dr. Clark's stalwart physique, vigorous mind and ready eloquence inspired one to be like him—"sun-crowned"—and his sterling sincerity, simplicity and sympathy were spiritual tonic and benediction.

Rev. A. W. Atkinson, Leavenworth, Kas.:

Dr. I. N. Clark was the most beloved Baptist in the Middle-West. All who knew him, knew him intimately. He breathed sincerity. He loved folks. In the pulpit he was massive, dignified, impressive, eloquent. In prayer he reached his zenith. Everyone loved to hear him pray: "O thou God of the Sanctuary" raise up more men like him.

Rev. W. H. Tolliver, Ph. D., Fort Scott, Kas.:

No man has ever come in touch with my life who was of greater inspiration to me than was Dr. I. N. Clark.

Rev. O. C. Brown, Lawrence, Kas.:

Dr. Clark was a counselor and inspiration to us all, young and old alike. He was the embodiment of faith, energy and thoughtful kindness.

Rev W. A. Seward Sharp, Eldorado, Kas., formerly Missionary in Burma and one of the Faculty of Indian University, Bacone, Okla.:

The best informed general worker it has been my pleasure to know. Knew the names of all the appointees of the society and could locate them. Prayed for them regularly by name, and associated them with their fields of labor. Rode no hobby, but was willing to ride anything, or even walk in order to get into a meeting on time to speak on missions, which to him meant "World-Wide Missions," "Home and Foreign." A great and

good man has fallen, the greatest district secretary ever employed by our Foreign Missionary Society. The great American Apostle of Missions.

J. Y. Atchison, D. D., Home Secretary, American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society:

Dr. I. N. Clark's rare spiritual character and his devoted service were always a source of inspiration and encouragement to me. He was a great object lesson of unreserved consecration to a great task.

Rev. W. S. Wiley, Muskogee, Okla., Sunday School Secretary:

Dr. Clark was one of the greatest men it has ever been my pleasure to know. He was my friend; we loved each other. He has done more in educating the Baptists of Oklahoma on the meaning of the Great Commission than all other denominational representatives. To be in his presence meant to be a better servant of the Master. I miss him.

Rev. Horace W. Cole, Hutchison, Kas.:

There was an inspiring spirit of conquest that pervaded the atmosphere in which Doctor Clark moved, which gave others courage to attempt and do larger things for the Kingdom.

*F. D. Stackhouse, President City Missions Society,
Denver, Colo.:*

For encouragement of those who are timid in testifying for Christ, Dr. I. N. Clark said, at one time, to me: "I never go into the pulpit without quaking knees." Great, strong war horse that he was, yet with the great responsibility on him he became as a little child.

*Stephen Abbott Northrop, Pastor First Baptist
Church, Kansas City, Kas.:*

Doubtless I have had the honor of a more intimate and longer association with this manly, genial and lion-hearted man of God than any other pastor in the West. We were associated together when I was pastor at Fort Wayne, Ind.,

and also president of the Baptist State Convention. He represented that body as secretary and therefore came in closest touch with the pastors and laymen of the state. Prudent, optimistic, fraternal, clear-headed, whole-souled, he was a veritable Boanerges. He "believed and therefore spoke." He aimed at the mark and hit it. He loved his work, and, like his Master, never lost a battle in a hand to hand conflict for truth. The church militant has lost a hero of the faith, but the church triumphant has gained a star-crowned saint.

Chronology.

Born, near Rossville, Clinton County, Ind.,
October 13, 1833.

Parents, David Condit Clark of New Jersey family, English ancestry. Mary M. Slipper, of Maryland family. German Lutheran people.

Baptized into fellowship of Baptist Church, Rossville, Ind., first Sunday in September, 1852. J. M. Smith, pastor.

Spent following winter teaching school and in theological study under the direction of Prof. Emanuel Sharf of Delphi, Ind.

Preached first sermon March, 1853.

Called to pastorate of Baptist churches at Monticello and Burnettsville, White County, Ind., in fall of 1853.

Ordained to preach, first Sunday in December, 1853, at Rossville Church, by council under auspices of Judson Association.

Pastor, Burnettsville, Monticello and Pittsburgh churches, Indiana, December 1853-spring of 1855, traveling 115 miles per month on horseback to preach.

Pastor, Pittsburgh, Jordan, Sugar Creek, and Laramie churches, Indiana, spring 1855-spring 1856.

1856-1857 spent in traveling in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and preaching at various places in Indiana.

Pastor, Southport and Greenwood churches, Indiana, 1857-1859.

Traveling for Indiana Baptist State Convention, soliciting funds and establishing mission churches, 1859-1861.

Pastor, Hurricane and Second Mt. Pleasant churches, Indiana, 1861.

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Franklin, Indiana, 1868-1871.

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Urbana, Ohio, 1871-1873.

Pastor, Iola and Humboldt, Kas., 1873-1874.

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Ottawa, Kas., 1874-spring of 1875.

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Portsmouth, Ohio, October, 1875-October, 1878.

Pastor, South Street Church, Indianapolis, Ind., October, 1878-1882.

Secretary, Indiana Baptist State Convention, 1882-August, 1885.

Secretary, Southwest District, American Baptist Missionary Union, Kansas City, Mo., August, 1885-November, 1914.

Special Field Secretary, Kansas City Baptist Theological Seminary, soliciting funds for repairing buildings, etc., Spring, 1915, to October, 1915.

Field Secretary, Judson Memorial Fund, for Missouri, Kansas Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakotas and Colorado; Kansas City, Mo., fall 1915 to death January 7, 1917, in Baptist Church of Wellsville, Kas., at 11:00 a. m. while addressing Sunday school on subject of Judson Memorial Church.

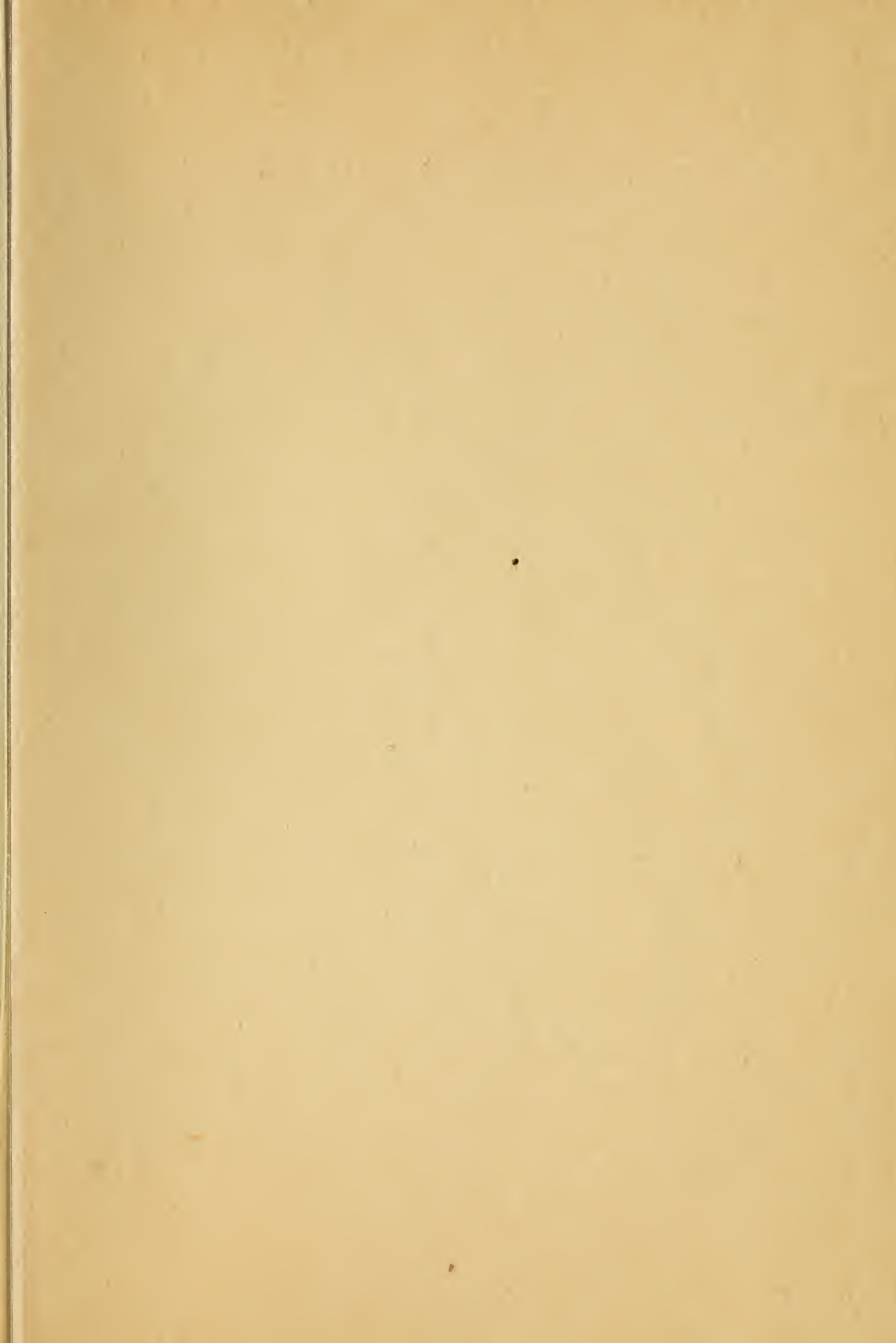
During the years of ministerial service Dr. Clark did the following:
6840 Sermons preached.

9 Meeting houses built.

48 Dedicatory sermons preached.

- 21 Ordaining councils attended.
- 18 Councils to settle church and pastoral troubles attended.
- 125 State conventions attended.
- 26 National anniversaries.
 - 3 Southern Baptist Conventions attended.
 - 1 World's Baptist Alliance, attended at Philadelphia, Pa.
 - 1 General meeting, Baptists of America, St. Louis, Mo., attended.
- 480 Marriages performed.
- 1240 Funerals conducted.
- 1820 Believers baptized.
- 1,600,000 miles traveled in official service.
- \$256,298.68 collected for missions, 1900-1914.

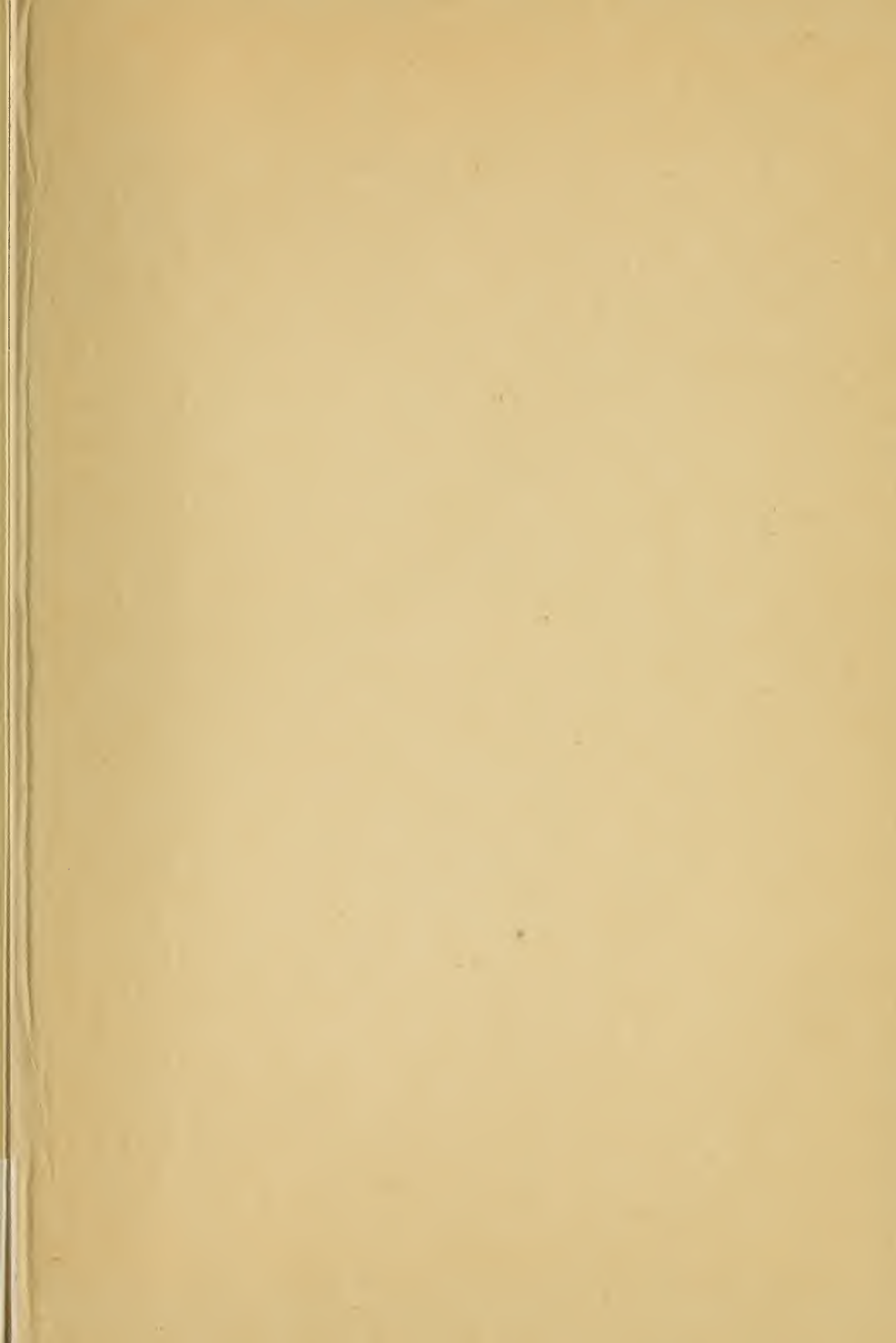
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